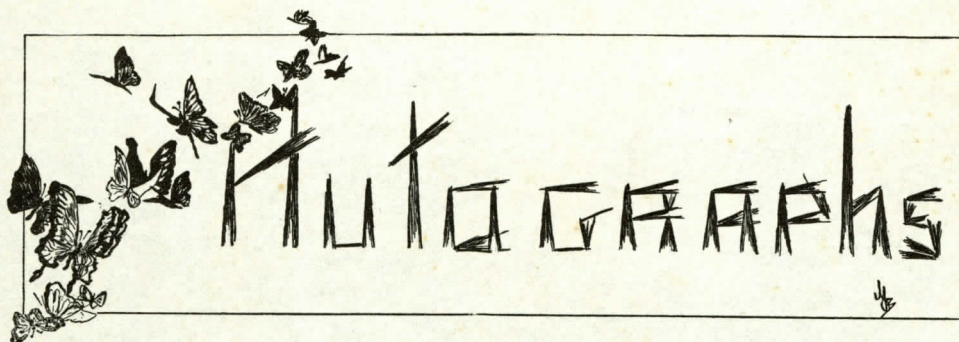


ANNALES

1914



*A place in thy memory, friend, is all that I claim,
To pause and look back when thou hearest the sound of my name.*

A large rectangular area with horizontal lines for writing, divided by a central vertical line. A small black ink drawing of a flower with a long stem and a cluster of small blossoms is positioned in the center, spanning the vertical line. The drawing is detailed, showing individual petals and leaves. The lines for writing are evenly spaced and extend across the width of the page, with the central flower drawing acting as a focal point.

COLLEGE OF NEW ROCHELLE

College Library

"

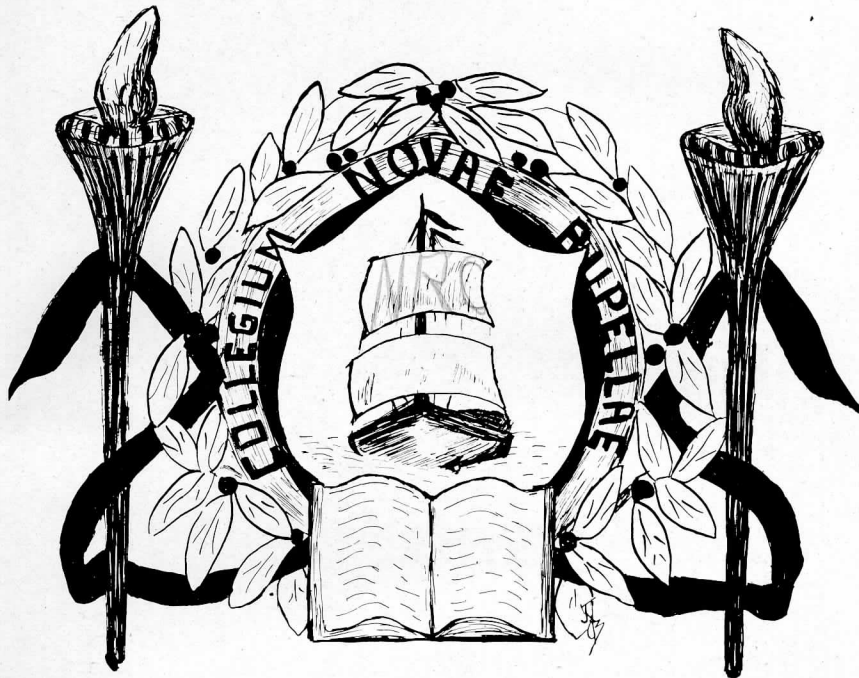
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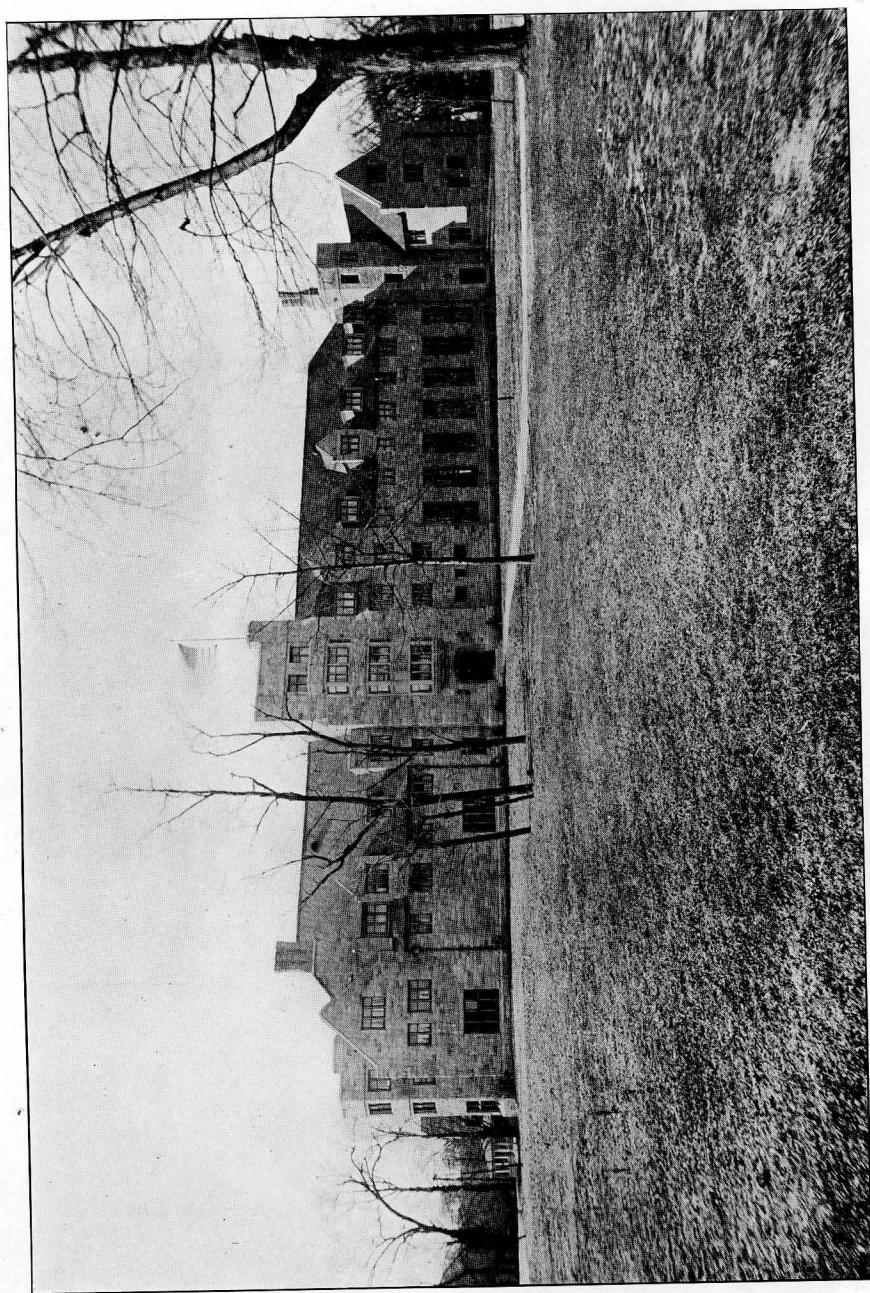
Published by

THE SENIOR CLASS

of the

COLLEGE OF NEW ROCHELLE

1914



7378
742
cup
not cat.

TO
MOTHER M. IGNATIUS

whose name is inseparably linked with our closest associations,
as a tribute to her goodness of heart and her devotion
to her children, and in grateful remembrance
of her special solicitude for the

SENIOR CLASS

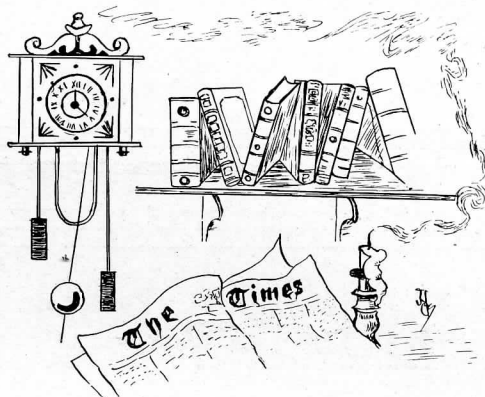
this book is affectionately dedicated on this
The Twenty-fifth Anniversary of her

PROFESSION

8316



"SWEET, SLOW STROLLS TO THE SOUND"



Ante Scriptum

"I love everything that's Old:

Old Books
Old Times
Old Friends

It is these that make college and college days dear to us; that make us cling to their memory when all other memories fade. The Old Times are the happiest; most full of promise and richest in gifts—the love of Old Books, that "pass to the greatest, the purest and the most perfect pleasure"; and the blessing of Old Friends, who grow "old" in love and the strength of the steady, loyal and enduring bond of friendship in four short years.

We are in the last lap of the course. Before we reach the threshold beyond which lies the world, we would send, as a class a last message of affection to the sister class and those half-sisters who have gone before us. All that they did for us while they were among us, it were hard to tell. We loved them well, and we have cherished their memory and the traditions they left us. For the little sister class that remains behind us, themselves to become older sisters so soon, we have nothing but affection, and gratitude for their loyalty. We congratulate the Class of 1918 on the great good fortune that is to be theirs. And to all, sisters and step-sisters alike, we can promise a lasting remembrance. Our years have been happy with them, and the years to come must be happier for having known them.

"Old books, old wine, old Nankin blue,
All things in short, to which belong
The charm, the grace that Time makes strong—
All these I prize, but (*entre nous*)
Old friends are best!"

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Treasurer

Reverend Mother M. IGNATIUS, R. S. U.

Registrar

Faculty



REV. P. A. HALPIN, Ph. D., Professor of Philosophy.
Ph. D., Fordham University.

"To know a thing and to be unable to express
it, is all one as though we knew it not."



JOHN J. SCHULER, Ph. D., Professor of History.
A. B., German Wallace College, 1894; Graduate
Student Johns Hopkins; Ph.D., Columbia, 1907.

"I do fear it is not true, for it is printed."



JOHN A. RYAN, Ph. D., Professor of Physics and
Chemistry. A. B., Fordham, 1895; M. A., St.
Francis Xavier, 1904; Ph. D., Fordham, 1905.

"The soul is appeased by a formula."



ALEXIS I. DU PONT COLEMAN, M. A., Professor of
English Literature. A. B., Oxford, 1887;
M. A., Oxford, 1906.

"A scholar breathing libraries."



M. A. RUTH RANDALL BENT, M. A., Professor of
English. A. B., Dalhousie, 1904; M. A., Dal-
housie, 1905.

"There is but one philosophy
and its name is Facts."

Faculty



ESTELLE H. DAVIS, Instructor in Oral English.
Private instruction under Alexander Melville Bell; F. F. Mackaye. Courses at Washington School of Elocution, Chicago School of Elocution, Melville Studio in London.

"Grow old along with me! The best is yet to be,
The last of life for which the first was made."



MAXIMILIAN VON DE PORTEN, Professor of German and Italian. Ph. D., Heidelberg.

"He has a way of acknowledging
your poor tinkle of utterance."



EDMEE LORENZ DE PLATA, M. A., Professor of French. B. S., University of Pennsylvania, 1905; M. A., University of Pennsylvania, 1906.

"I believe this way."



JOHN F. CONDON, Pd. D., Professor of Pedagogy. A. B., City College, 1882; M. A., Fordham, 1902; Pd. D., New York University, 1904; Graduate New York Law School.

"Who makes it his business to know
without being told."

BERTHA G. SHEPARD, Instructor in Drawing.

RICARDO MANRIQUE, Instructor in Physical Training.

MARY F. MEYERS, Instructor in Domestic Art.

MOTHER M. IGNATIUS, Mistress of Studies.

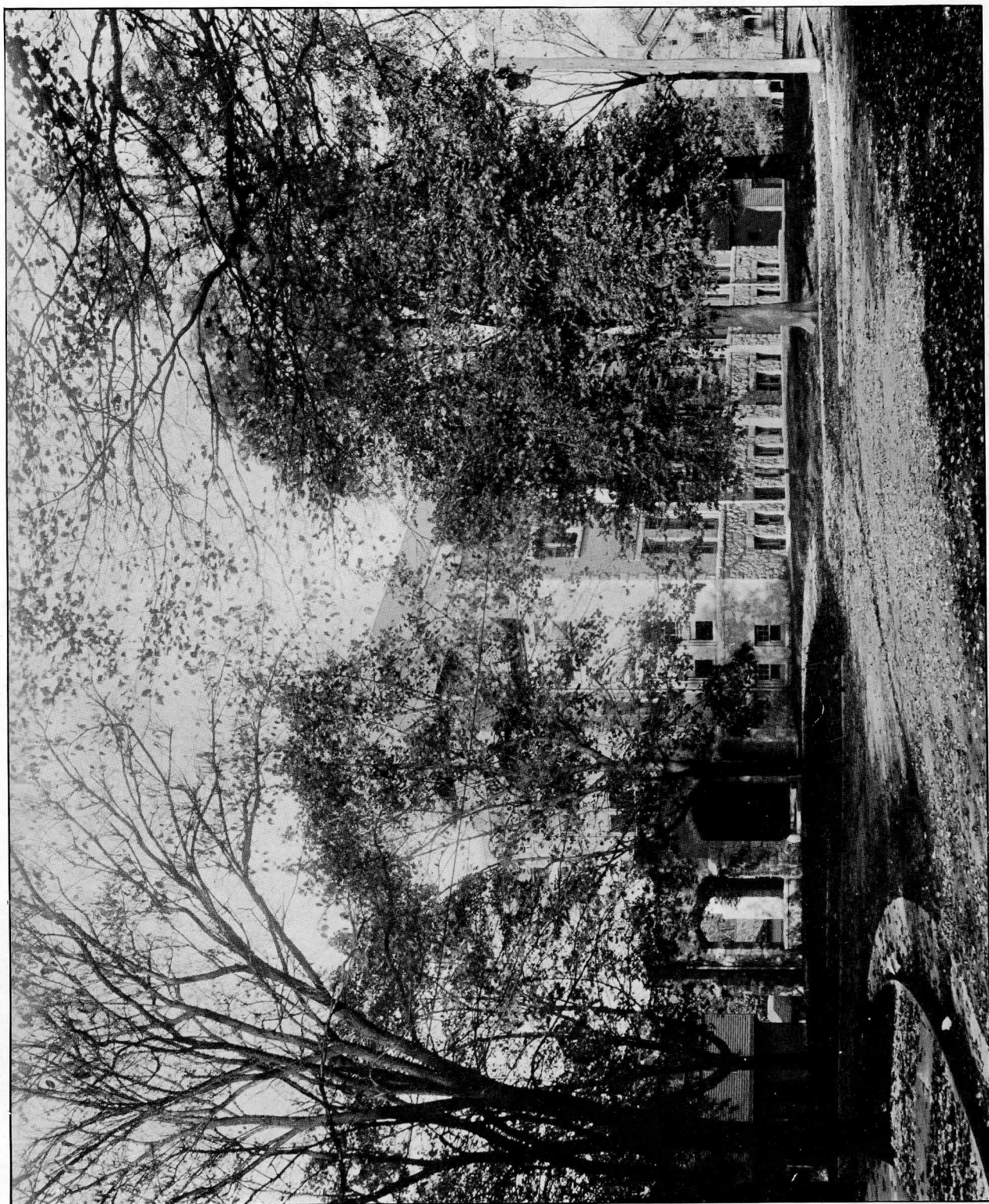
A. B., Normal College. A. M., New Rochelle.

MOTHER M. DE SALES, Mistress of Discipline.

MOTHER LOYOLA, A. B., New Rochelle.

SISTER XAVIER, A. B., New Rochelle; A. M., Columbia.

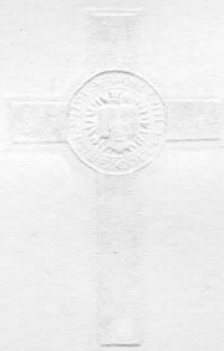
SISTER CEPHAS, A. B., New Rochelle; A. M., Columbia.











Sodality of the Children of Mary



Katherine Finigan, *President*

Margaret Lonergan, *Secretary*

Marie McManus, *Treasurer*

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Gertrude Coyne
Marie Fleming
Ruth Sullivan

} *Junior
Counsellors*

Ruth Lyman
Helen O'Brien

} *Sophomore Counsellors*

Bazaar

In the College Gymnasium, Friday night, December 12, 1913.
Saturday afternoon and Saturday night, December 13, 1913.

COMMITTEES

The Freshman Class

"Under Many Flags"

Picture Gallery

Fortunes

Ball Room

The Sophomore Class

Refreshments

The Junior Class

Roulette Wheel

The Senior Class

The Rose Tree

Fancy Articles

December the Eighth

High Mass Celebrated by Rev. P. A. Halpin, Ph. D.
8 A. M.

Mass Sung by College Choir

Reception of New Members

Procession of Students

Coronation of the Blessed Virgin

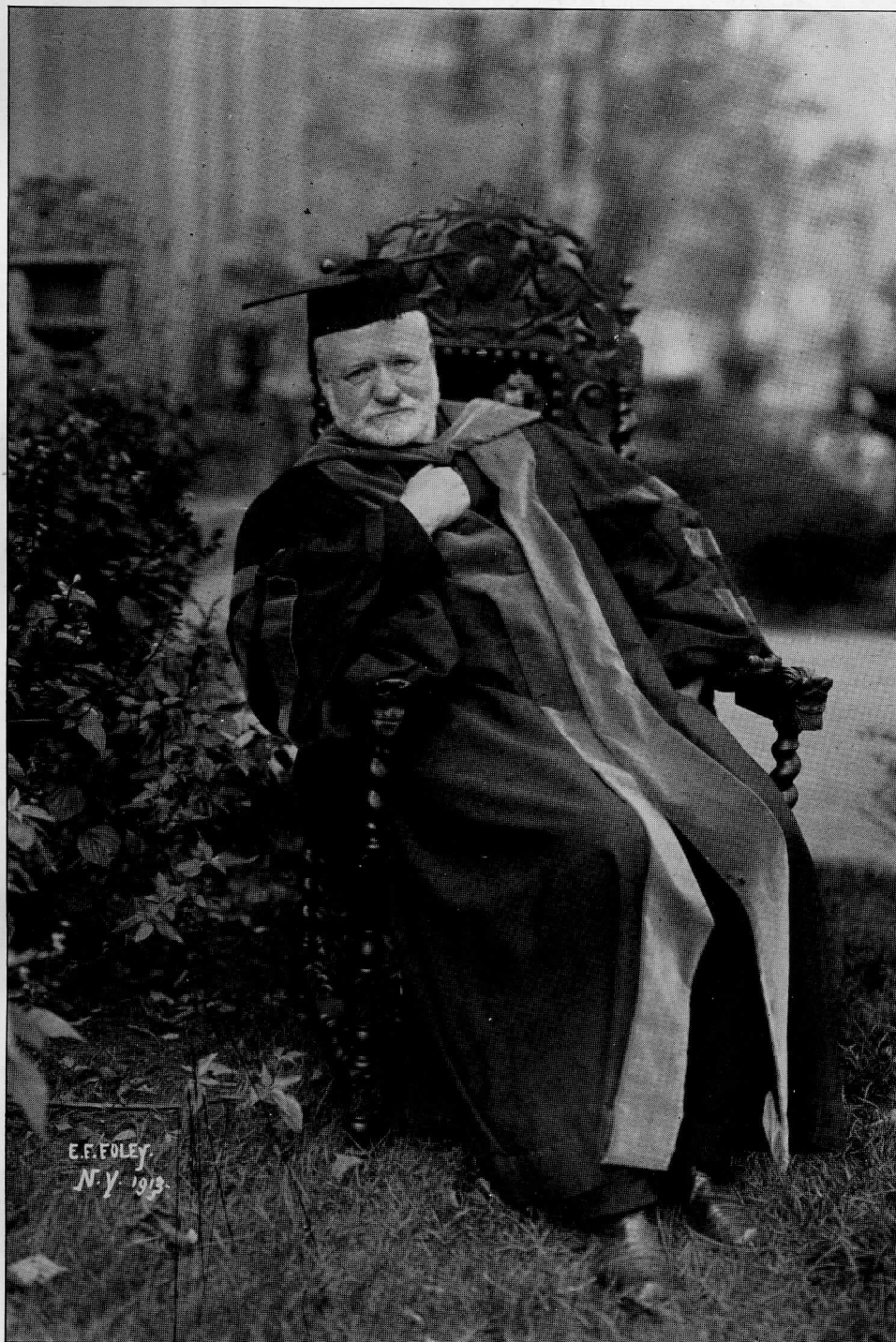
Sodality Ball

8 P. M.

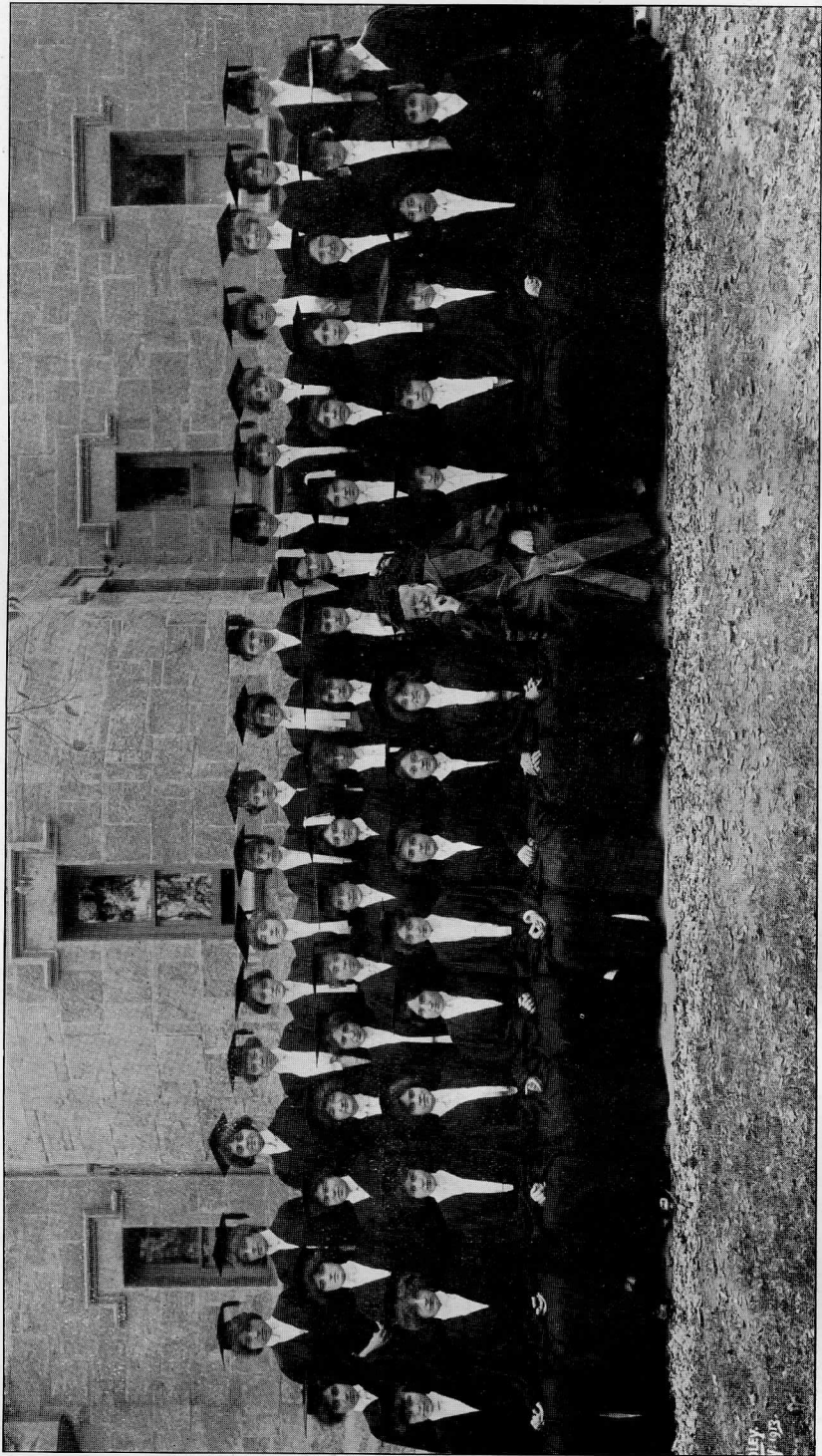








REV. P. A. HALPIN, Ph.D.
Professor of Philosophy



ALPHA ALPHA

Alpha Alpha



MARGARET LONERGAN

Officers

Rev. P. A. Halpin, Ph. D.
Moderator

Margaret Lonergan, '14
President

Marguerite Collins, '14
Vice-President

Mary Lally, '15
Recording Secretary

Margaret McNamara, '14
Treasurer

Agnes McCann, '15
Corresponding Secretary

Margaret Ransom, '15
Mistress of Ceremonies



The Student Advisory Board

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KATHERINE BALL.....	<i>Recording Secretary</i>
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ELLEN KING.....	<i>Treasurer</i>

MEMBERS

KATHERINE FINIGAN, Senior
EDITH SWIFT, Junior

ANNE HYNES, Sophomore
AGNES GORDON, Day Scholar

IN FACULTATE

MOTHER M. DE SALES

MOTHER M. IGNATIUS

MOTHER M. LOYOLA



ROSE J. FEIG



The Dramatic Society

WINIFRED C. DEMAREST.....*President*
DOROTHY HUME*Secretary*
FRANCES FLEMING*Treasurer*
KATHERINE BALL.....*Mistress of Properties*
M. LOUISE SEYMOUR.....*Wardrobe Mistress*
ANNE HAMILTON*Press Agent*
RITA QUINLAN*Musical Director*

ESTELLE H. DAVIS, *Director.*



WINIFRED C. DEMAREST.

Mid-Year Play

“Mary Stuart”—Schiller

Translated from the German.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Elizabeth, Queen of England.....	WINIFRED DEMAREST, '14
Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots.....	LORETTE DONLIN, '14
Hannah Kennedy, Her Nurse.....	ELIZABETH KELLY, '14
Margaret Curl, Her Attendant.....	MARGARET MCNAMARA, '14
Alice	{ ADELE BRADY, '16 FRANCES PETTY, '16 CHARLOTTE MULLIGAN, '16
Rosamond } Ladies in Waiting to Mary.....	
Gertrude }	
Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester.....	LOUISE SEYMOUR, '14
Sir Edward Mortimer, Nephew of Paulet.....	DOROTHY HUME, '15
William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, Lord High Treasurer.....	ANNE MCMAHON, '15
Sir Amias Paulet, Keeper of Mary.....	KATHARINE BALL, '15
George Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury.....	EDITH SWIFT, '15
Count L'Aubespine, French Ambassador.....	FRANCES FLEMING, '15
Count Bellievre, Envoy Extraordinary from France.....	RITA QUINLAN, '14
Sir Andrew Melvil, Mary's House Steward.....	ANNE HAMILTON, '16
Sir Drue Drury, Another Keeper of Mary.....	MARION BOOTH, '16
Burgoyne, Her Physician	ELLEN KING, '16
The Earl of Kent.....	VERA ROCHE, '16
Sir William Davison, Secretary of State.....	EIRENE BARBER, '16
Sheriff of the Country.....	ANNE HYNES, '16
Officer of the Guard.....	ALIDA HAMILTON, '16
Pages.....	{ MILDRED HURLEY, '16 VIRGINIA MAY, '16



Junior Play

“The Affected Misses”

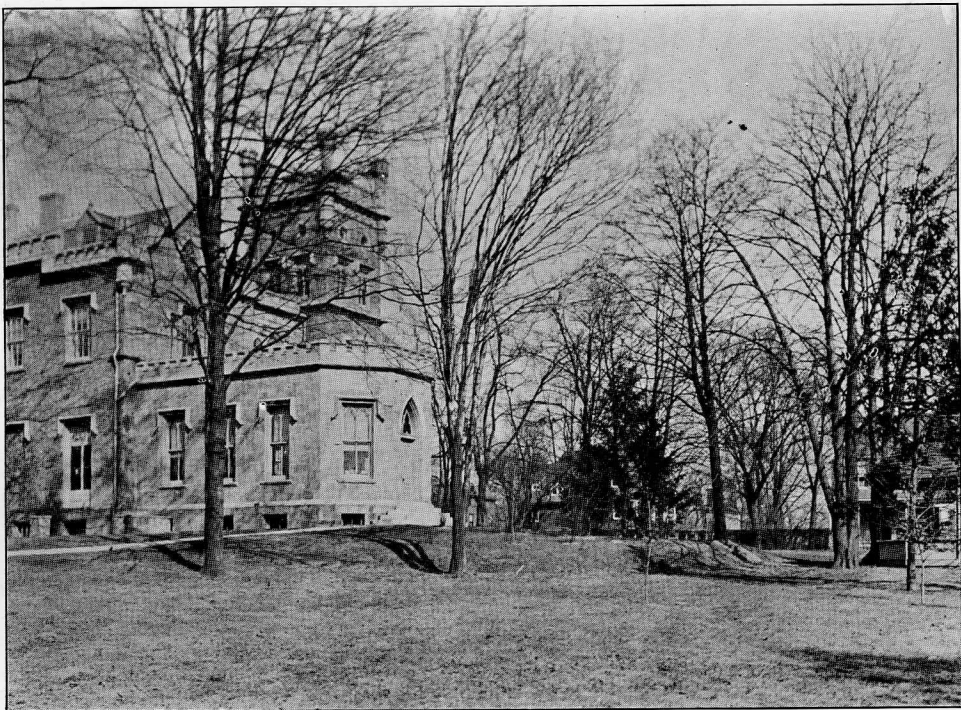
A Comedy by Molière.

La Grange } Du Croisy }	Rejected Suitors.....	{ {	EDITH SWIFT EDWINA RYAN
Gorgibus, a worthy citizen.....			ANNE McMAHON
Madelon, daughter of Gorgibus.....			KATHERINE BALL
Cathos, niece of Gorgibus.....			ELIZABETH KENT
Marotte, maid to the young ladies.....			MARIE FLEMING
Almanzor, footman to the young ladies.....			MARY LALLY
Marquis of Mascarille, valet to La Grange.....			DOROTHY HUME
Viscount Jodelet, valet to Du Croisy.....			FRANCES FLEMING
First Chairman			MARGARET RANSOM
Second Chairman			CATHERINE DOUGHERTY
Neighbor			OLIVE MARCH
Neighbor			MARY GRAY
Neighbor			RUTH SULLIVAN
Neighbor			GERTRUDE COYNE
Musicians		{ {	MARIE McMANUS AGNES McCANN

Campus Play

"As You Like It"

Duke, living in banishment.....	EVELYN McMAHON, '14
Frederick, his brother and usurper of his dominions.....	STELLA R. WILZ, '14
Amiens } Lords attending banished Duke.....	{ RITA QUINLAN, '14
Jacques }	{ LETITIA MURPHY, '14
Le Beau, courtier attending upon Frederick.....	KATHERINE BALL, '15
Charles, wrestler to Frederick.....	ANN McMAHON, '15
Oliver }	{ RUTH SEYMOUR, '15
Jacques }	{ EDWINA RYAN, '15
Orlando }	{ LOUISE SEYMOUR, '14
Adam, servant to Oliver.....	MARGARET T. McNAMARA, '14
Denis	MARY LALLY, '15
Touchstone, a clown.....	DOROTHY HUME, '15
Corin } Shepherds	{ FRANCES FLEMING, '15
Sylvius }	{ MARIE McMANUS, '15
Hymen	EDITH SWIFT, '15
First Page.....	CHARLOTTE MULLIGAN, '16
Second Page	FRANCES PETTY, '16
Singer and Forester.....	{ MARIE CENDOYA, '15
	{ ANN HAMILTON, '16
Rosalind, daughter to banished duke.....	WINIFRED C. DEMAREST, '14
Celia, daughter to Frederick.....	LORETTE DONLIN, '14
Phebe, a shepherdess.....	ELIZABETH KELLY, '14



Phi Epsilon

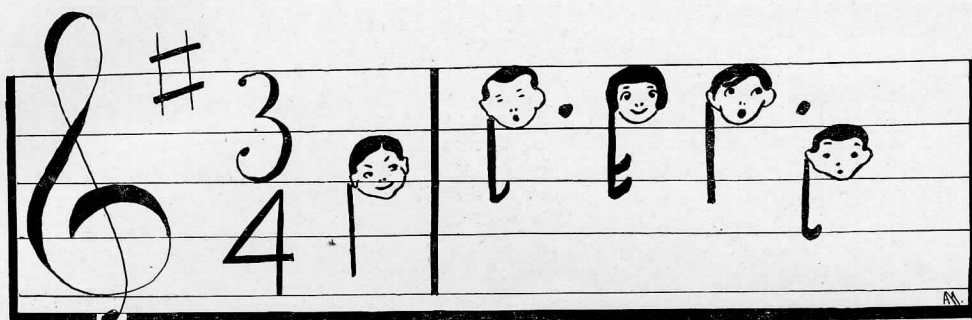


STELLA R. WILZ

OFFICERS

STELLA R. WILZ	-	-	-	-	<i>President</i>
ALMA E. MILLER	-	-	-	-	<i>Recording Secretary</i>
ALICE Z. MAHONEY	-	-	-	-	<i>Receiving Treasurer</i>
MARGARET LONERGAN	-	-	-	-	<i>Auditing Treasurer</i>
LORETTE DONLIN	}	- <i>Members of President's Cabinet</i>			
RUTH B. SEYMOUR					





The College Glee Club

OFFICERS

ALICE Z. MAHONEY.....*President*
 ELIZABETH KELLY*Vice-President*
 CORNELIA KELLY*Secretary*
 EDITH SWIFT*Treasurer*

MANDOLIN CLUB ACCOMPANIST.

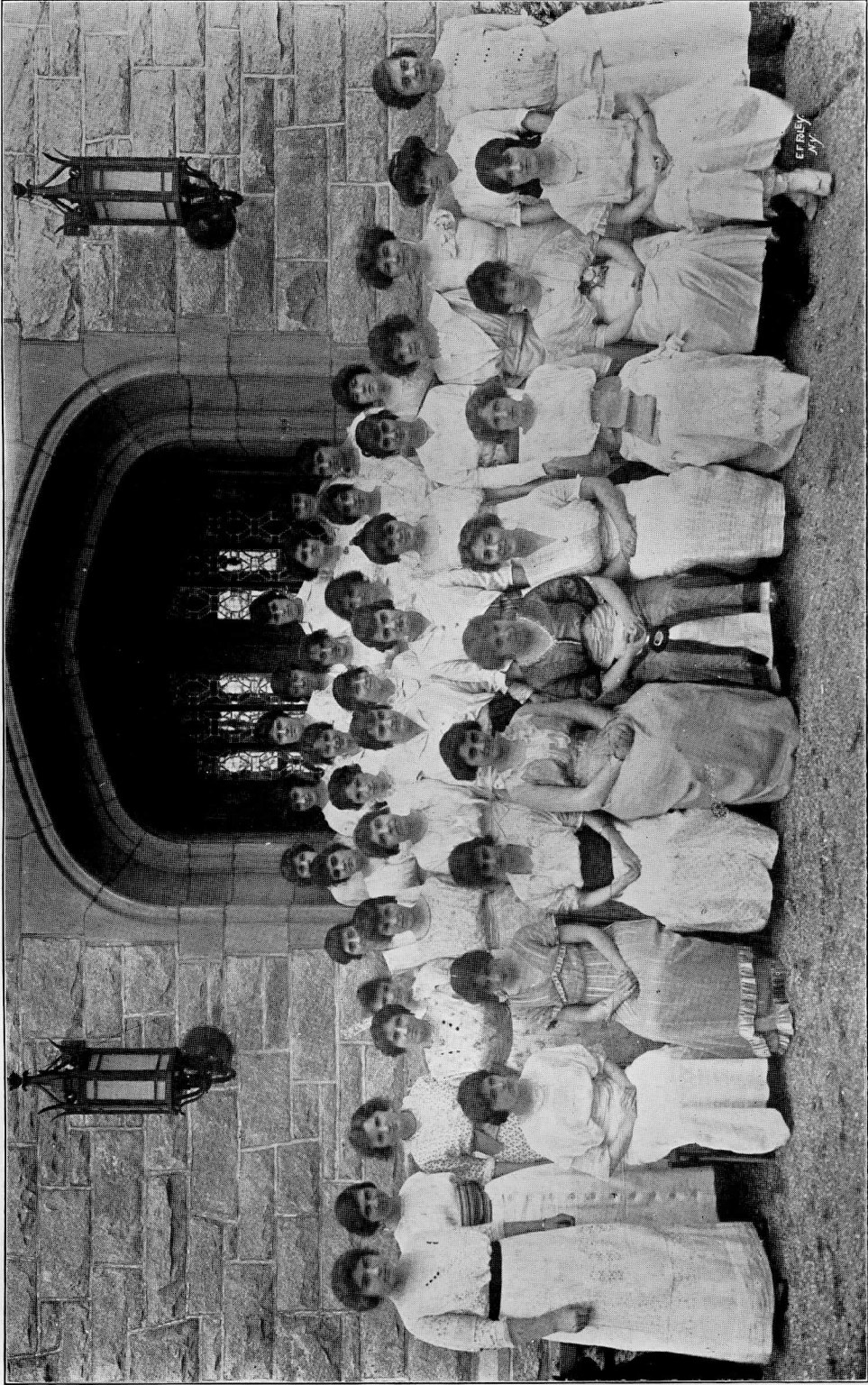
FRANCES PETTY

GLEE CLUB ACCOMPANIST.

CORNELIA KELLY



ALICE Z. MAHONEY



COLLEGE GLEE CLUB



MANDOLIN CLUB



CHOIR



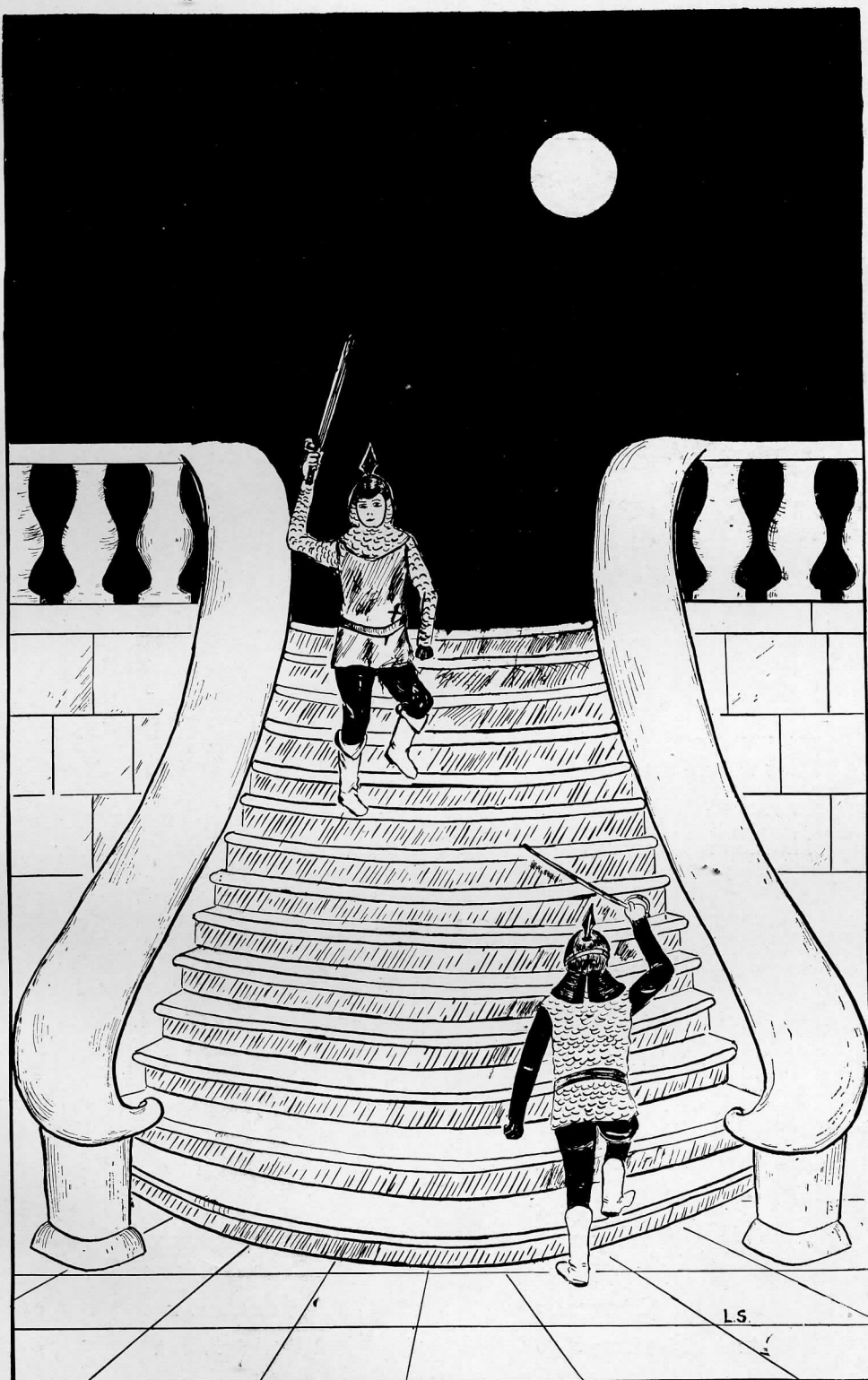
The Current Events Club

The Current Events Club was established for a two-fold purpose: 1. To discuss current events, and topics of local, national and world interest. 2. To develop the powers of the individual in order that she may learn to speak well and easily in public.

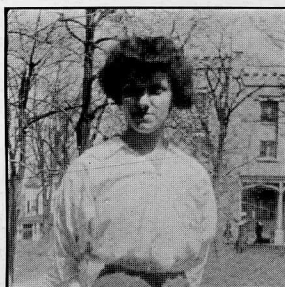
Members of Current Events Club

D. ADAMS	E. FARMER	R. LYMAN	H. RATCHFORD
*B. BARRY	I. FRANKLIN	*D. LYNCH	H. O. REILLY.
M. BAXTER	A. GEST	J. LYNCH	*C. RIDER
F. BREEN	*A. GRANELLA	C. McNAMARA	*M. ROONEY
M. BURNS	R. HAFEY	V. MAY	V. ROCHE
M. CENDOYA	A. HAMILTON	N. MORIARTY	C. SHEEHAN
M. CLARY	ANN HAMILTON	H. MOONEY	*N. SCULLY
N. COLLINS	*E. KIERAN	C. MULLIN	*A. TALBOT
M. CONLIN	E. KING, '16	C. MULLIGAN	M. TRACY
*A. CREED	E. KING, '17	G. NUNN	H. WARD
M. DIXON	*I. KOMORA	H. O'BRIEN	B. WHEELER
*G. DOHERTY	A. LOUGHLIN	M. O'CONNOR	J. YECKER
A. DRENNAN			

*Honorary Members



Athletic Association



EVELYN McMAHON
President

OFFICERS

EVELYN McMAHON*President*
ANNA McMAHON*Vice-President*
FRANCES PETTY*Secretary*
MARGARET LONERGAN.....*Treasurer*

MEMBERS OF VARSITY TEAM.

EVELYN McMAHON, *Captain*

RUTH SEYMOUR

ANNA McMAHON

EDWINA RYAN

MARIE McMANUS

GERTRUDE COYNE

WEARERS OF THE N. R.

MARGUERITE COLLINS

EVELYN McMAHON

GERTRUDE COYNE

MARIE McMANUS

MARGARET LONERGAN

EDWINA RYAN

ANNA McMAHON

RUTH SEYMOUR



JUNIOR BASKET BALL TEAM



SOPHOMORE BASKET BALL TEAM



FRESHMAN BASKET BALL TEAM

ATHLETICS

The Sophomores started the ball rolling this year by playing a series of basket-ball games with outside teams. The Varsity also played several outside games which strengthened the general interest in basket-ball throughout the College.

Sophomores vs. Savage.

On Saturday afternoon, the Sophomore team played in a game against the Savage team, of the Savage School of Gymnastics. The game was tied by a score of 10-10.

Sophomores vs. Fordham Lyceum.

On Saturday afternoon, February twenty-eighth, there was a game between the Sophomores and the Fordham Lyceum team of Fordham, N. Y. The Sophomores won by a score of 28-17.

Varsity vs. Adelphi.

On Wednesday afternoon, March fourth, the Varsity played in a game against the Varsity of Adelphi College, Brooklyn. Adelphi won by a score of 17-7.

Mid-Year Meet.

The Mid-Year Meet, held this year on March 21st, is always one of the most exciting events of the college year. The day really began at 7:30, when the Sophomores and Freshmen put up their colors. The campus was ablaze with green and white and purple. The day was perfect but a trifle frosty, due, no doubt, to the biting sarcasms with which the air was rife.

At 3 P. M. the entire student body, attired in their blue and white regulation dress, formed in the Gymnasium, and the Varsity letters and Class Numerals were presented to the members of the Varsity and various class teams. After the Numerals had been presented, there was military marching by the Sophomores and Freshmen; a dumbbell drill and a wand drill and serpentine marching. Then came the big game of the year between the Sophomores and Freshmen.

The Saint Angela Quarterly

"Shake hands!" The words rang out through the gym. The opponents went through the formal sign of good fellowship. The whistle blew, the ball shot up in the air, and the game was on. The Sophomores had luck on their side from the very beginning. Some even go so far back as to say the fine weather was a good omen for them. However, it was not sheer luck! The Sophomores displayed every evidence of constant practice, excellent team work and level heads. They won fairly by a score of 22-10. The Freshmen put up a wonderful fight. They played well and kept up hope even when they knew they couldn't win. They lost when they had had their hearts set on winning. And they lost well. They have given us an example of how to accept defeat, and we wish them luck for next year.

Varsity vs. Savage.

On Saturday afternoon, March twenty-first, the varsity played the Savage team, and lost by a score of 27-17.

Sophomores vs. Savage.

On Saturday afternoon, March twenty-eighth, the Sophomores played against the Savage team at Savage. Savage won by a score of 35-5.

Sophomores vs. Adelphi Sophomores.

On Saturday afternoon, March 28, the Sophomores played against the Sophomores of Adelphi College, Brooklyn. The New Rochelle Sophomores won by a score of 13-11.

Juniors vs. Sophomores.

On Tuesday, December ninth, the Juniors played the Sophomores. The Juniors won by a score of 10-6.

Juniors vs. Freshmen.

The Juniors played their sister class and won by a score of 14-4.

Founder's Day
College of New Rochelle
New Rochelle, New York



November the Eighth, Nineteen Hundred and Thirteen

Programme

Ten
O'Clock

Academic Procession

Forms at Leland Castle

Ten-thirty
O'Clock

High Mass

In the College Chapel

RIGHT REVEREND MONSIGNOR F. MOONEY, V. G.,
Celebrant

Eleven
O'Clock

Blessing of the New Residence Hall

By THE RIGHT REVEREND MONSIGNOR PATRICK J. HAYES, D. D.

**The Unveiling of the Statue of the Immaculate
Conception**

Presented by the College Sodality

Two
O'Clock

Meeting of the Alumnae Association

In Leland Castle

Three
O'Clock

Inspection of New Residence Hall

Four to
Six O'Clock

Reception and Tea

In New Hall

Six
O'Clock

Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament

C O M M I T T E E S

Reception Committee

Class of 1914

Tea Served by the

Class of 1915

Committee of Arrangements

Class of 1916



Commencement Week

May 31—June 6, 1914

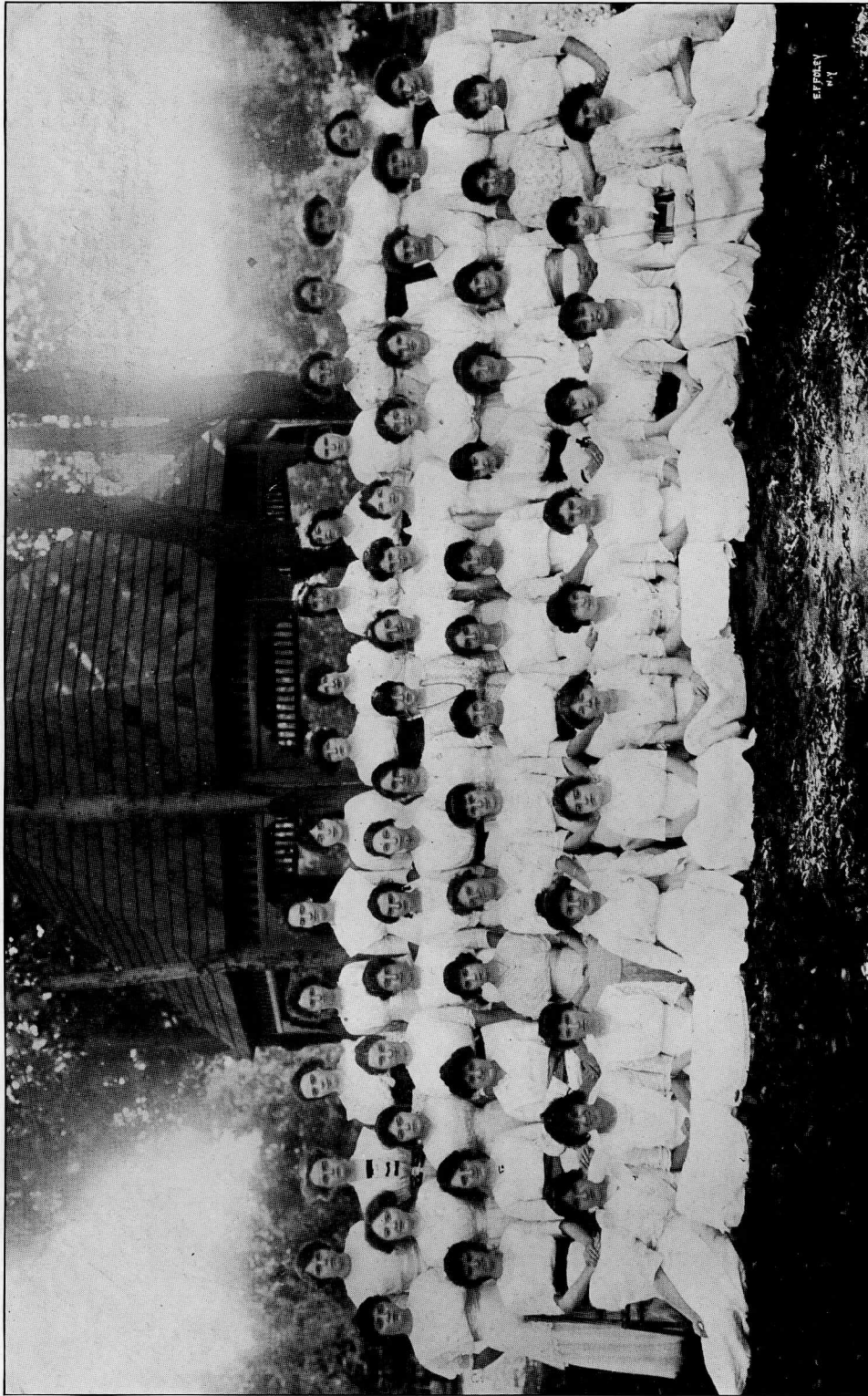
<i>Sunday Afternoon</i>	-	-	Baccalaureate Sermon Delivered by Rev. P. A. Halpin, Ph.D.
„ <i>Evening</i>	-	-	Sodality Entertainment
<i>Monday Morning</i>	-	-	Solemn High Mass
„ <i>Afternoon</i>	-	-	Conferring of Gold Crosses
„ <i>Night</i>	-	-	Glee Club Concert
<i>Tuesday</i>	-	-	Class Day
„ <i>Night</i>	-	-	Final Oratorical Contest
<i>Wednesday Afternoon</i>	-	-	Conferring of Degrees By His Excellency Most Reverend John Bonzano, D.D., Apostolic Delegate to the United States
„ <i>Night</i>	-	-	Alumnae Dinner
<i>Thursday Morning</i>	-	-	Senior Breakfast
„ <i>Afternoon</i>	-	-	Senior Reception
„ <i>Night</i>	-	-	Advisory Board Dinner
<i>Friday Morning</i>	-	-	Banner Day Inter-Class Song Contest
„ <i>Afternoon</i>	-	-	Campus Lunch
„ <i>Night</i>	-	-	Campus Play
<i>Saturday</i>	-	-	Field Day





PROF. JOHN J SCHULER, PH.D.
"The virtue of great souls is justice"

THE CLASSES



FRESHMAN CLASS

History of the Freshman Year of 1917

LIKE all Freshmen, we came with a firm determination to stay only two weeks. Soon, however, the whole fifty-nine of us were caught in the whirl of college life and not only did we come, see and conquer, but also were conquered.

Our formal introduction took place in our initiation by the Sophomores. We were not faint-hearts and so boldly did we withstand the tantalizing insinuations of our initiators that, unanimously they gave us the title of "good sports." After this we felt as if we owned the whole place. Indeed, our freshness received many hard jolts, when a few of us suddenly insisted upon establishing ultra-intimate relations with the respected upper-classmen. Then one of us conceived the idea of burying these disappointments. Wrapt in silence and our gowns, we traversed the length of the long corridor amid weeping and wailing, bearing on an umbrella our dead hopes. But it is said that hope dies hard and we were soon again busily planning. We even had a christening at which we undertook to change a classmate's name which did not suit.

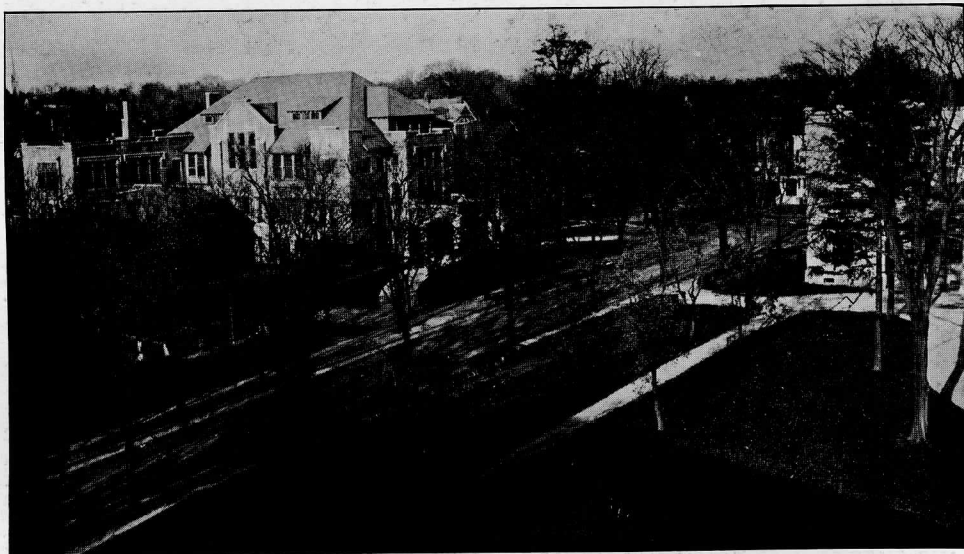
One night, not long after this, the air became charged with excitement when the engagement of the Class of 1917 to the Class of 1915 was announced. In an astonishingly short time, the wedding took place. The presidents of the two classes were bride and groom. Our Clare looked very much a bride in a trailing white gown. The Junior president, too, seemed quite at her ease in a tuxedo. Then, followed by the attendants they proceeded with slow steps to the altar erected at the end of the living room, where they solemnly pledged themselves "to love and cherish one another during these and their Alumnæ days." Thus we had a share in establishing a beautiful college precedent.

We became better acquainted with the Sophomores during the charming dance they gave us. Here, in a series of clever silhouette pictures we saw ourselves "as ithers see us."

With the first snow-fall, we determined to give the Juniors a sleigh ride; but everything seemed against us. First it rained. Then the snow melted, and we were forced to wait until more fell. The force of circumstances brought our business abilities to the front, however, for at the time of the disappointment we had an alarming number of frankfurters on hand. Nothing daunted, we turned the second corridor into a "hamburger stand" and sold them at a profit. Finally we succeeded in giving the sleigh ride, and to quote the Juniors, "we had a wonderful time, my dear!"

After this, we began to consider other plans. Within a few days, the notice of our first dramatic appearance before the public was announced by a rather risque poster. But, it soon came to grief, and a demure little puritan maiden took its place. In Marathon-like haste, but with most fearful misgivings, we brought our entertainment into shape. It proved a howling success, and criticisms such as these were heard: Mother de Sales, "It was splendid; the only fault was that it was too short." A Senior, "There was not a flaw in it." A Junior, "We are proud of our Sister Class." A Sophomore, "It was terribly clever." A Freshman, "Oh, we're so glad it went through."

And now we are just on the threshold of Spring and the meet. With class spirit at its height, we are entertaining rosy expectations of the latter's outcome. We are even planning new fields to conquer and so with having survived the harrowing "Theme Days," Latin prose, occasional "squelches" and the existence of burning crushes, under the guidance of our efficient president, we are leaving behind us one glorious Milestone in our college life.







SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomoria

Place—College of New Rochelle.

Time—September, 1913—June, 1914.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

MISS CLASS SPIRIT.....	Sophomore Class
HER OLDER SISTER.....	Senior Class
A NOISY CHILD.....	Freshman Class
CHILD'S FRIEND (in need).....	Junior Class

ACT I.

[Residence Hall. Miss Class Spirit enters, looks round expectantly; suddenly discovers Older Sister. Rushes forward and embraces her.]

Miss Class Spirit (enthusiastically): "Oh, Sister dear, I'm so glad *you're* here to champion me through this coming year. It's—it's going to be simply dreadful in this frightfully awesome building. Why, oh why, did we ever have to leave the dear old cottages!"

Older Sister: "There you go first thing; haven't even given the poor old building a trial and you condemn it. Now, take the advice of a sister older in experience by two years, and say nothing. You should be thankful that the mice in '72' are left to roam unmolested this year; and that your poor head is no longer racked by the 'inunderstandable' songs wafted below from the rocking-chair brigade in '58.' My dear, you'll be able to sleep here; and you won't freeze; and there'll be hot water; and oh! just picture the day of the Meet—everyone rushing from the same building!"

Miss Class Spirit: "Why, I never thought of that! Imagine poor little me! I am seven pounds thinner than I was last year—racing that big, overgrown child. Look at her now, making more noise than you, me and Patrick put together. She acts as if she owns the place, and this her first day."

Older Sister: "There, there, aren't you rather hard? Remember last year *you* were the size of this child and just a bit noisier; and now, because you are a year older you are quick to condemn her—and she's really rather bright looking. I'm sure you'll grow to like her in time."

Miss Class Spirit: "Well, perhaps. But just at present I'd like to see Child's Friend and give her a few points on how to raise—no, not the child, but her spirit."

Older Sister: "Ego, ego is thy name. But come, dear, let's rove about the building and see what's what." (Exeunt, arm in arm.)

ACT II.

[Living Room of Residence Hall. Child's Friend and Miss Class Spirit discovered curled up comfortably on one of the "leopard" sofas.]

Child's Friend: "And then what did you do?"

Miss Class Spirit: "As if you didn't know! Are you trying to insinuate that the Noisy Child can keep a secret? Of course, I know you're her friend, but—well, if you really want to hear it from my point of view—. I turned this room into a circus tent and called the now subdued Child in. She was the most submissive and docile creature I ever hope to see; went through the whole program of menagerie animals at my command; and when I threw peanuts to her for reward, she placidly ate them, picked up all the shells carefully, and then was even meek enough to salaam before my august presence and say, 'Most honorable Sophomore.' I was amazed when she did that; but then I've heard since, you know, that you are her coach in such matters, eh?"

Child's Friend (Smiling): "Why, now, who ever told you that? But there, let by-gones be by-gones. It's a wonder to me, though, that you and the Child are even friends."

Miss Class Spirit: "Oh well, of course, I made up for the hazing by entertaining her soon afterwards. Just a little dance with a light performance to break the formality. 'Speak of an angel'"—(Noisy Child enters, laughing.) "Hello, little one; what's the joke?"

Noisy Child: "Why, I was just telling your sister about the night you gave an auction sale, and sold me a desk—remember?" (Both laugh heartily.)

Miss Class Spirit (boisterously): "And Mother de Sales collected the money!"

Child's Friend (pulling out watch): "Sh-sh! You'll be heard, and it's only ten of four; honor system, m'dears, honor system! No noise in the building till four." (Exit Child's Friend on tip toe.)

ACT III.

(March 25)

SCENE I.

[Campus in front of Residence Hall. Bell rings. Miss Class Spirit runs out of building and hoists banner.]

Miss Class Spirit: "Ana BEE bo, ana BEE bo, ana BEE bo, BEE bo, BUM!" (Stands back and gazes up admiringly). "It is a beauty!" (To Older Sister, who joins her): "My, but that Child will be surprised; think of racing one's self! They say a woman can't keep a secret, but look—that's proof that she never even suspected that we weren't going to enter the arena with her. And to think it was her Friend who suggested the idea to us, last year!"

Older Sister: "Look, there's the Child's Friend now, hanging out a 1917 banner. I thought she wasn't going to meddle in politics this year."

Miss Class Spirit: "She looks a bit put out; maybe 'it all comes back to her now.'"

Older Sister: "Come on in, and let's decorate Our Lady's stairs with the 'dear old green and white.'"

SCENE II.

[Gym building, general exodus of purple streamers and green balloons.]

Older Sister (rushing up and clasping Miss Class Spirit ecstatically): "Oh! isn't it *wonderful*, simply WONDERFUL! Our bad luck is broken at last. Oh!" (Another squeeze.)

Miss Class Spirit: "I'm too happy to speak. To think I could win after all my hard luck. Oh, it's too good to be true. I'm so happy! Do you know, when the Child heard that the jaunting car wouldn't go through the gym door, she was so sorry and offered to let me walk with her, and then refused to bring in her mascot, till I simply made her do it. You told me once I'd grow to like her in time and—well, 'the time has come, the walrus said.'"

ACT IV.

[The summer house in spring. Miss Class Spirit and the Child are discovered busily sewing.]

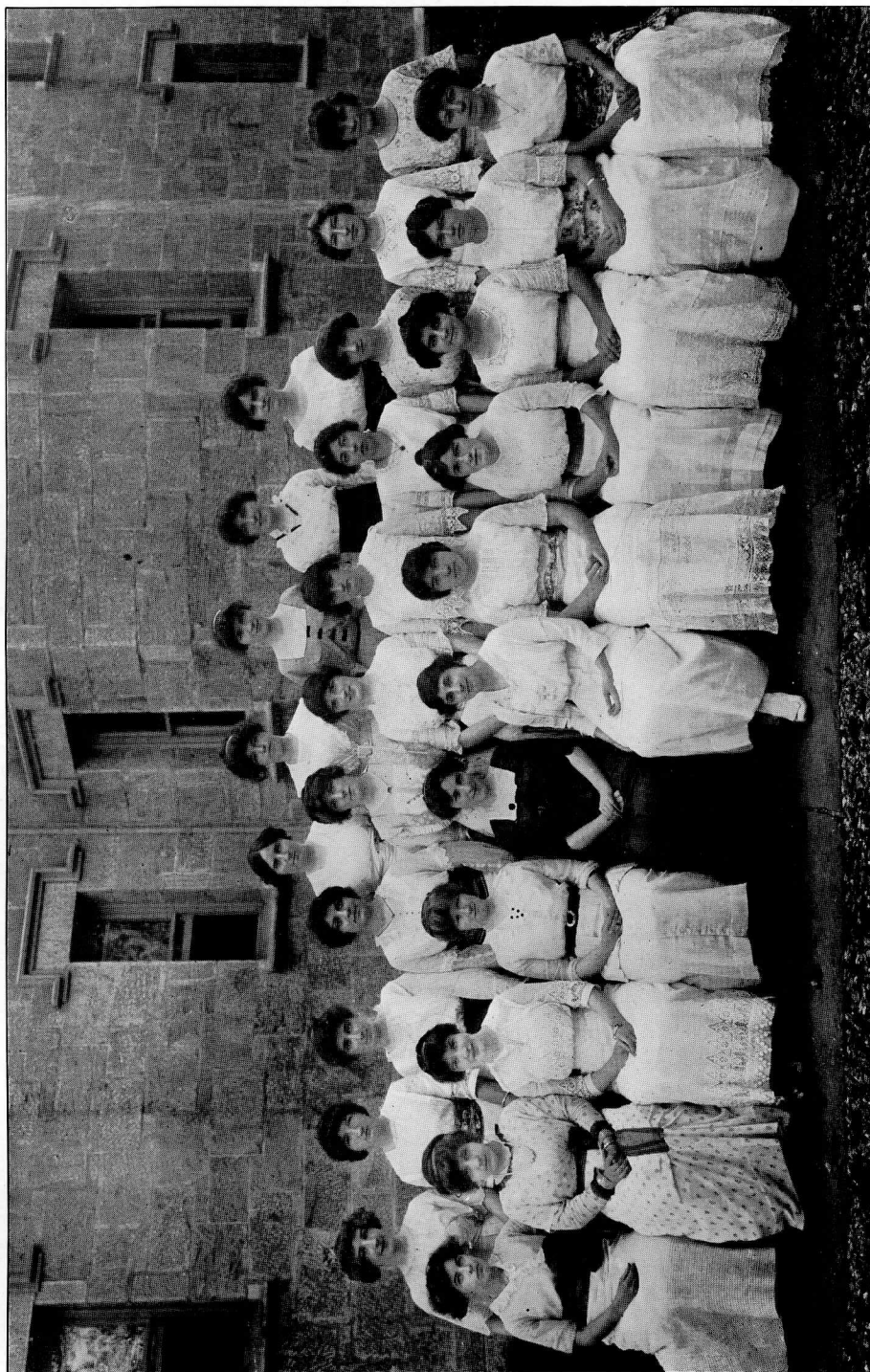
Child: "What's the matter? You look pensive, and haven't spoken so much as a word for two minutes."

Miss Class Spirit: "Sorry, Child. Of course, it's awfully rude to be pre-occupied in company, but I was just thinking over past performances—the play for the Year Book, the Current Events Club debates, the lectures, and all the parties, and particularly the basket-ball games with outside teams. And yet these undertakings are as nothing to my work for next year."

Child: "Work—for next year? Do you mean to say that you've already made plans for *next* year?"

Miss Class Spirit: "Oh no; but you see, Child, this is my last care-free, go-as-you-please, do-as-you-want year. When I come back in the Fall I shall have assumed the burden of older sisterhood. So here goes for a last, rousing, 'Ana bee bo!'"

Curtain.



JUNIOR CLASS

THE JUNIOR JOURNAL

THIRD YEAR
TWO CENTS

New Rochelle, N. Y.

Weather { Generally Fair
Sometimes Cloudy

NEW ROCHELLE COLLEGE EXTENDS WARM GREETINGS TO JUNIOR CLASS.

Extra Week of Vacation Drags Heavily on Hands of Those Waiting for Opening of School.

Sept. 29—At six o'clock, the doors of the new residence hall swung wide to welcome the girls, returning from the summer holidays. Once again the Class of 1915 met to spend another collegiate year. Dinner was waiting them, so they repaired to the large dining hall. Three familiar faces were missing, and even in the excitement of reunion, the Juniors found time to regret the absence of Alicerose, Queenie and Anna McHugh.

The meal was eaten in haste for everyone was eager to begin the tour of inspection. The telephone booth, far removed from the clatter of dishes in the pantry is just outside the dining room door. What convenience! Crowds of girls stopped to admire the Living Room, with its tapestries, antiques, and furniture. No expense had been spared for the comfort of the residents. The large pleasant rooms were the next things to be explored. A comfortable cozy corner and the large windows at both ends of each corridor held out possibilities of much moon-gazing. Exclamations of enthusiasm broke forth as each new marvel was unveiled. Owing to the importance of the occasion, the Faculty graciously extended the limit of the rule "Lights out at ten," so that the girls might have the opportunity of realizing to the full, the superiority of the residence hall to the cottages.

LARGE NUMBERS MARCH IN ELECTION DAY DEMONSTRATION.

Maggio's Band Feature of Parade.

Election Day was made lively on Campus by an impromptu parade organized by the Class of 1915. Other classes were invited to join, provided they could collect suitable head-gear, and something with which to make a noise. President March and Vice-President McMahon headed the parade, each bearing an election poster, fastened with skirt-hangers to long-handled brushes. Then followed a throng with

waste-baskets, lamp-shades, miniature peach-baskets and other available "hats."

Maggio's Band, consisting of dust pans, crickets, tin-horns, etc., marched with the parade. Never were the strains of the "Star-Spangled Banner" more "strained."

When the exultant mob reached the platform at the end of the Living Room, the leaders made memorable speeches for their respective parties.

JUNIORS MEET IN ORATORICAL CONTEST.

Judges Spend Half-hour in Discussion Before Returning Decision.

Jan. 27—The Junior Class, the second to enter the Oratorical Contest proposed by the Oral English Department of the College, met in close competition. The Junior members entering the contest were Anna McMahon, Katherine Ball, Frances Fleming, Edith Swift, Edwina Ryan, Agnes McCann, and Dorothy Hume.

Reverend Andrew Roche, Sister Xavier and Mrs. Davis, the judges, spent half an hour in heated discussion and finally gave decision in favor of Anna McMahon. Miss McCann was a close second and the other contestants did ample justice to their selections.

PRECEDENT REVIVED IN CELEBRATION ON MARCH 3.

Greater Part of Proceedings Secret.

As Leap Year comes but once in four years, the precedent established by the Juniors on Feb. 29, 1912, has been celebrated since then, on different dates. This year, on March 3, the Class appeared at dinner arrayed in their class colors, Black and Cerise. About seven o'clock, the secret portion of the proceedings began. The class disappeared within the doors of the cloak-room and nothing further could be learned, except what could be gathered from vocal disturbances coming at intervals from that direction.

The singing of class songs in the Living Room then followed and "the high and far off times" were renewed in lively conversation. The day was fittingly ended by a delicious feast in Kath Ball's room.

THE JUNIOR JOURNAL

DRAMATICS.

The first attempt of the Juniors in Dramatics this season was a One-Act Sketch and three vaudeville acts. The sketch was entitled "The Whole Truth." Anne McMahon, dressed in brother's clothes, took the part of the clever and ardent suitor.

A song and dance by the Misses Swift and Ransom gained hearty applause.

The finale was a melodramatic piece "Minnekoko," written for the occasion by Anne McMahon and Dorothy Hume. Not the least part of this production was the picturesque war-dance of the Gigi tribe. The proceeds of the affair were contributed to the New Building Fund.

A LITTLE GOSSIP ABOUT WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE.

Miss Edith Swift is spending the week-end at home.

Rumor has it that Miss Ryan agreed with someone last week. Sometimes truth is stranger than fiction.

Miss Agnes McCann has shrunk two inches in the past week.

Miss March hereby sounds a recall of her property, as she wishes to hold Spring inventory.

Miss M. Fleming and her colleague of the Weston Club, are planning to take a walking tour this summer.

Miss Mary Lally will continue her German studies at Heidelberg.

Miss Gray was deeply moved.

The Freshmen invited the Juniors to a sleigh ride. Both classes had an enjoyable time.

Miss Ball is contemplating opening a day nursery.

Miss Ransom's latest book, "Respect for Upper Classmen," is creating a great sensation.

The Advisory Board has taken measures against Miss Channel for shouting in the dining room.

Miss Burns will now condescend to play ragtime since Paderewski has written a tango.

Miss Robson has concealed her part behind a hairpin.

Miss Alice Fisher wore her cap and gown to chapel.

Miss Keating visited school one day last week.

The amazing news has just reached us that Marie Kieran came to class on time.

Miss Lonergan has become quite proficient in the hesitation during the past season.

Miss G. Coyne expects to spend the summer at Miss Spinster's select camp for young ladies on No Man's Island.

Miss Frances Fleming is beginning proceedings against an under classman for alienation of her sister's affection.

Miss Kent had her breakfast at New Rochelle College one day last week.

Miss Dougherty has cultivated several new specimens of daffodils.

Miss Sullivan has written an article for the Quarterly.

Miss L. Coyne has been requested to catalogue her readings since she entered college. Need we tell you of her consternation?

Although Miss McMahon has invested in a Spring hat, she still expects to find use for her "Kelly."

Miss Hume is taking a "Special Correspondence Course."

We hear that Miss McManus must repeat one of her Mathematics courses.

Miss C. Dougherty has entirely recovered from her severe attack of appendicitis.

ATHLETICS.

Juniors vs. Sophomores.

On Tuesday evening, December 9, the Juniors met the Sophomores in one of the fastest games played on the New Rochelle court. At the end of the first half the Sophs scored three points over the Juniors, but the Juniors rallied in the second half and the game ended in a 1915 victory with a score 10-6.

Juniors Score Victory over Sister Class.

The game between the Juniors and Freshmen added another victory to 1915's record. The score was 14-4. This game was the final one of the challenge series, and leaves the Junior team still upholding its reputation as "the team that was never defeated."

Juniors Receive Varsity Honors.

Five Juniors attained Varsity honors this year. They were Edwina Ryan, jumping center; Marie McManus, running center; Gertrude Coyne, guard; Anna McMahon, forward; and Elizabeth Kent, substitute.

THE JUNIOR JOURNAL

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Wanted—An editor who will accept "my story."

Wanted—A safety guard for Jack. Must be guaranteed to withstand all feminine charms.

Wanted—College students desire positions as wireless operators during the summer.

Wanted—A forecaster of the weather. Irishman preferred. Apply at this office.

Wanted—Physical Instructor wants position for summer. Folk dances a specialty. Apply Ruth Sullivan.

Wanted—Correct time. Send information to Student Body.

Wanted—An explanation of the "Cut" system. Student Body.

Wanted—A new chalk-box.

Wanted—A little boy who can tell ice from glass.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Just Opened — College Information Bureau. Will supply information on all campus topics of interest, with abundant details. Open all hours. Apply Miss March.

AGRICULTURAL.

Telephone—23 ° C. The home of the flowers. "Daffydills" a specialty this season. Lally & Sullivan, 62 3rd Corridor.

JUNIORS, ATTENTION!

For Sale—Front seats; guaranteed to procure 90% in all recitations. Excellent opportunities for observing "mark"et quotations. Inquire "X."

To Let—An alternative. In excellent condition. Owner does not understand it. Apply Office.

To Let—For Senior year—my pull with the Faculty. Terms reasonable. Apply C. Dougherty.

WHAT'S IN A LAUGH?

Here among the great throng that make up the Student Body of this College, one has an opportunity to study laughs, and find out the ones typical of certain people. Who was it who said: "A loud laugh bespeaks a vacant mind"? We fear to agree and yet—sometimes you know, one is almost forced to admit it.

Now Anne has what one might call a loud laugh, but then she is a genius in Analytics and always gets "10" in Economics—it almost shakes our faith in the old saying. But there is another laugh which sets the whole class room ringing with its booming roar. We are not in a position to judge the mathematical powers of the head behind the laugh, so cannot say whether or not the adage applies.

Opposed to this, and less frequent we are sorry to say, is the laugh that never gets farther than a beaming "grin." It stretches to some place in the vicinity of the ears, entirely envelops the eyes and leaves nothing in sight but two crinkly slits. On spying this "grin" through the swirling fumes of Chlorine gas, one is reminded of the famous Cheshire cat of "Alice in Wonderland."

There is just one other variety that we can't resist mentioning—the short, shy little giggle accompanied by a blush and a slight hesitation in speech. Of course there are many other laughs, which form a background for those we have mentioned and we hope that their music or discord may ring in our ears for many a day. What would the world be without laughter?

LATEST FAD IN COIFFURE.

Each season brings its peculiar whims and fancies for Milady's pleasure and indulgence. The fad ushered in by Mistress Spring this year of wearing colored wigs will be especially welcomed in New Rochelle. A Junior of this

THE JUNIOR JOURNAL

college recently discovered a means of changing the hair to red or any of the new tango shades. Although the preparation is not yet on the market, it is rumored that it is a red "ball," which, upon contact with the hair, will produce the desired effect.

SOCIETY

ANNUAL CELEBRATIONS.

The gay season opened with the large Founder's Day tea at which the Juniors poured. All the afternoon, crowds of young people streamed into the Living Room and kept the Juniors busy supplying them with refreshments.

In every respect the tea was a success and launched the gay world well on its social career.

On the morning of Founder's Day, Miss Olive March, the Junior President, presented a little bag of gold—the first step towards a Mile of Nickels—to Rev. Mother Irene, Dean of the College. The entire college contributed to this amount, but it was the Junior Class, roused by Miss March that put the movement on foot.

Washington's Birthday was celebrated by a dinner served in Colonial fashion and followed by a costume ball. The Juniors as usual took charge of the affair. They spared themselves nothing to contribute to its success.

The dinner was perfect and, as such things will, put everybody in good spirits. After dinner came the old-time Colonial Ball. The new dances gave place, for the night, to the quainter Minuet, Lancers and Virginia Reel.

Miss Elizabeth Kent, who is very popular in the Junior set, won the prize for the most charming and correct costume among the ladies.

The Christmas Dinner, given each year to the Seniors, was in charge of the Juniors. Preparations culminated on the afternoon of the event by the erection of a large substantial chimney for Santa Claus. Miss Anna McMahon played that rôle and delighted the guests by her significant gifts to each Senior.

WEDDINGS.

The wedding of Miss Clare Freshman of New Rochelle to Mr. Oliver Junior also of New Rochelle took place late

in the Fall. It was one of the prettiest weddings of the year and has been the means of uniting more closely the Freshman and Junior families.

SOCIETIES.

The Juniors were admitted this year to the Alpha Alpha Society. Misses Ransom, McCann, and Lally were elected to the offices of Mistress of Ceremonies, Treasurer and Secretary, respectively.

It is rumored that owing to delicate health Miss Ransome finds her new duties very burdensome.

SPRING ENTERTAINMENTS AND DANCES.

On the 29th of April, the Juniors held a class luncheon. It was a very enjoyable affair. Much of the time was spent in reminiscences, but the luncheon was not slighted.

The favors and place cards were most attractive. It recalled a similar affair, a purple party, given to Miss Bush in Freshman year. Toasts were given to Past, Present and Future. They had a "wonderful time" as they always do when they are together.

In addition to many other things planned for Junior Week, there will be a Thé Dansante at Pepperday Inn.

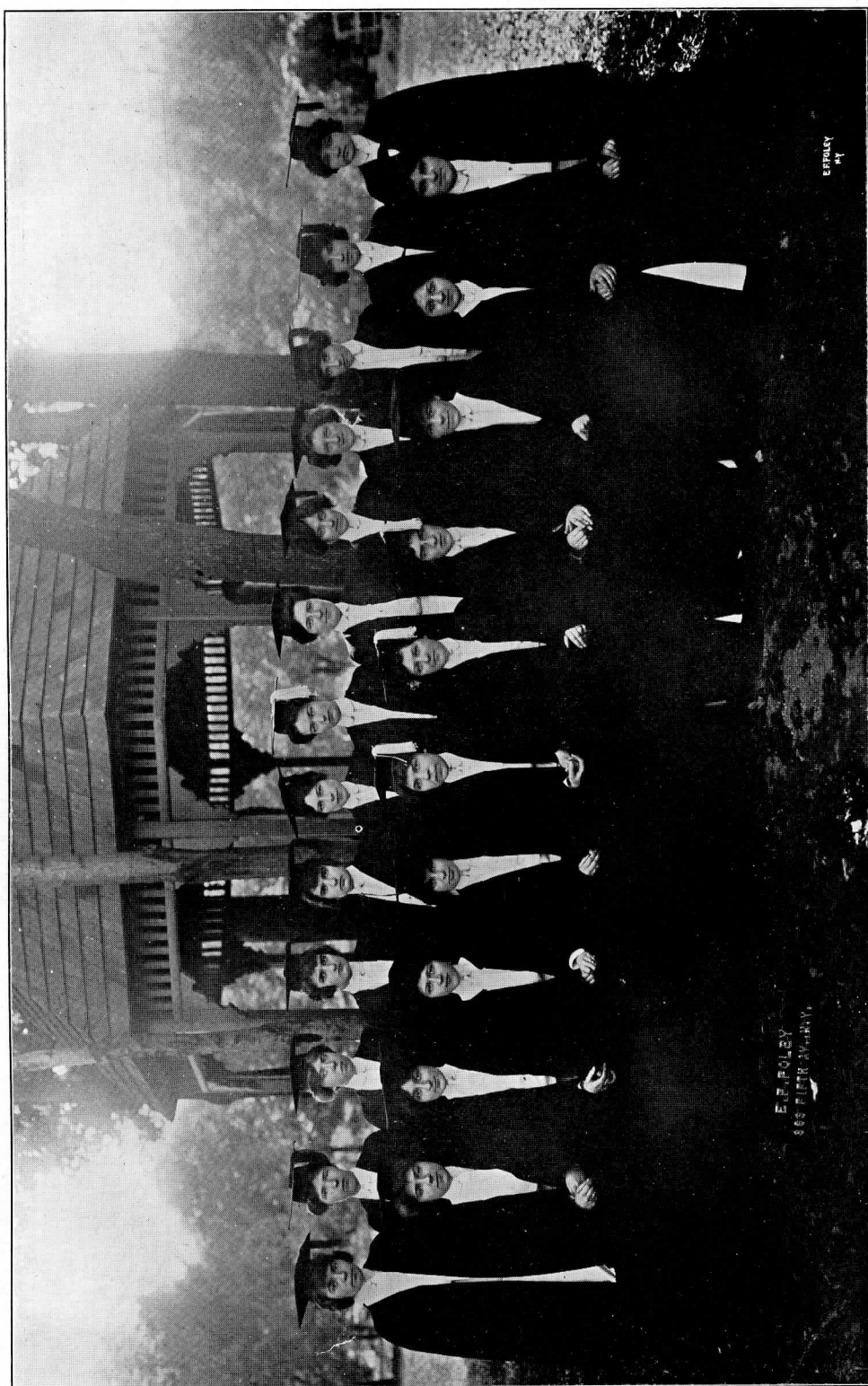
The patronesses of the affair are Mmes. Edwin Swift, Steven Ball, William Kent, and J. Wm. McManus.

The Juniors are looking forward to the dance with a great deal of pleasure. With the promise of good music, a tempting menu and enthusiastic people, the affair should be a success and we are sure it will be.

The Juniors are now rehearsing for their play, Molière's "The Affected Misses." The parts have been well chosen and we can guarantee an amusing evening with the simpering ladies and their lovers.

An amateur stock company gave a private performance of "Within the Law" during the Spring.

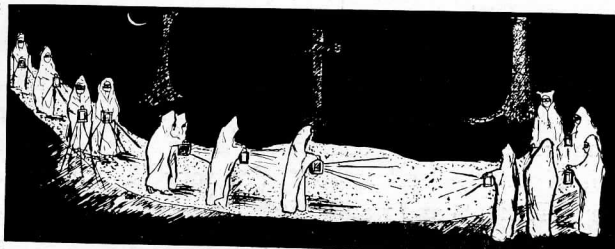
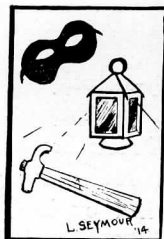




SENIOR CLASS

EFFREY
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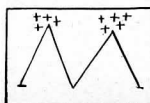


How the Freshmen Lost Their Color.

IN the High and Far-off Times, Oh, Best Beloved, was a 'sculsive band of young people who were full of 'satiabie curtiosity. They had heard (when they were so young-and-all) that the most 'mazing things happened in a huge, hairy, hoary house, called the Caastle, near the banks of a brimming briny bay. And so they came from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, with the green all fresh upon them. They were called Frosh of the Verd-and-Vein. And so *that* was all right, Best Beloved. Do you see?

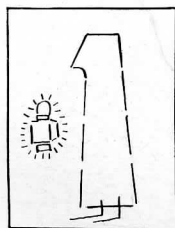
But the most 'mazing thing of all was that things began to happen right away. And attend to this because it is very important. The first thing they met was Sleek-Sludgy Sophomore and it looked like this— And it had a determined air. And this 'sculsive band of persons (who were so young-and-all) immejitely lost its infinite resource and sagacity and gave themselves over to Sleek-Sludgy Sophomore. And then they were greener than ever, and cut green grass, and strolled and strolled, till they were all squidgy, and trekked out of their jumpsome lives.

Presently Frosh of the Verd-and-Vein, still full of 'satiabie curtiosity, retired to the Hilly Region of Class Spirits. was a heat wave in the land their things and put on cool werenotso'digiouslygreen, but insides. Then the heat wave



High and Hilly Region

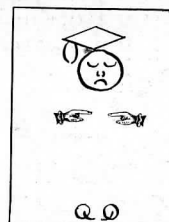
High and But there and everybody took off most white sheets. And then they were still a little green withgrew so thick that Freshie Knocker died and they had to bury him over-night. And so this 'sculsvest band made a browny black coffin and a wimsy wavy shroud, and they stole forth, past the huge, hairy, hoary Caastle. The red lanterns made a lurid light, but still it was hijjous dark.



Lurid Light

There came a day when six of this 'sculsive band (who were so young-and-all) met six Sleek-Sludgy Sophomores. Only these were the sludgiest. And when Man put the bone of contention (which wasn't a bone at all, but a basket-ball) between them, and Frosh said to Sophomore, "Come on and be beaten," Sophomore said, "Nay, nay! Not so, but far otherwise." In fact, they were *so* sludgy and *so* nubbly that Frosh didn't know what happened till they found themselves reciting the following *Sloka*, which, as you have not heard it, I will now proceed to relate:

"Sophomores, Sophomores, Rah, Rah, Rah!"



Sleek-Sludgy Sophomore

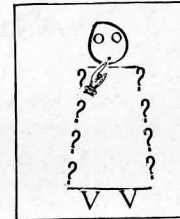
And there was a great deal more in that than you would think.

Frosh of the Verd-and-Vein were among the first to get the ooshy-skooshy feeling that comes when spring comes. They were not the only ones but they were first, and they had it 'digious. So that when the Djinn in Charge of Retreats came, they were full of warmth and fervor. For four years they remembered this Djinn in Charge of Retreats and would often repeat this *Sloka*, which though you have heard it I shall now proceed to relate:

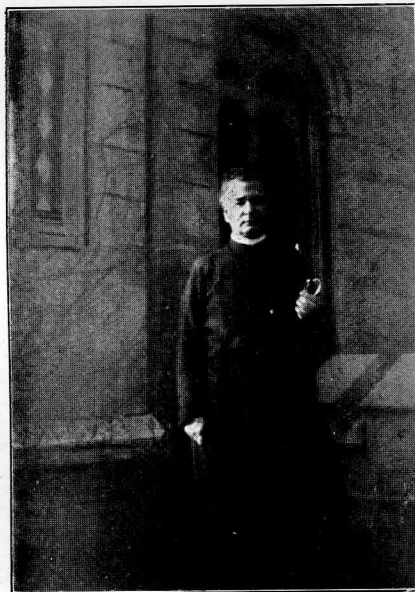
"Estne cor tuum rectum cum corde meo, sicut cor meum cum corde tuo?"
(That's Latin!)

Presently Frosh began to grow sleeker and less green. You might not believe it but it's true. After this the 'scul-sive band of Frosh and Sleek-Sludgy Sophomores met once again *on* the green and grassy campns, *near* the huge, hairy, hoary house, called the Caastle, *in* May. Sophomores were still sleek but they weren't so sludgy. They both ran and they jumped, they batted a big ball with a stick called a bat, they threw and they put the shot. But Frosh ran faster, jumped higher, batted harder, and served better. And then Sophomores weren't even sleek; but they were sportsmen. And so, *at* last, *when* their tassels were turned, this 'sculsvest band of Frosh were just dark blue and light blue, and not a tinge of green. And they sang this *Sloka*, which even though you can never forget it, you will not mind hearing again:

"Where, oh where, are the Verdant Freshmen?
They've gone out of prescribed history,
Safe now in the Sophomore class."

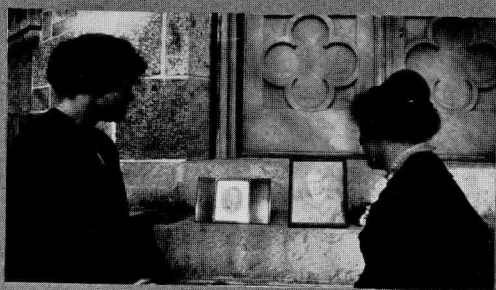


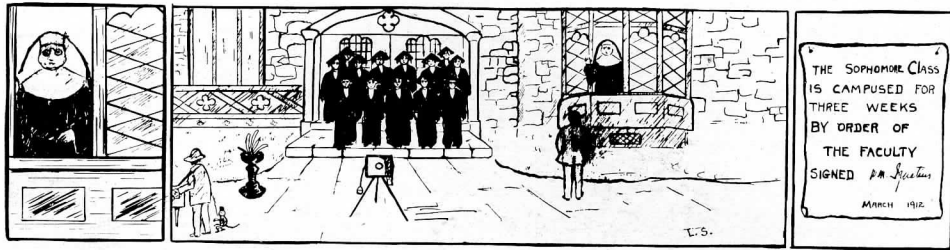
Freshman Filled with
Satiabie Curtiosity



REV. TERENCE SHEALY, S. J.

"In Charge of Retreats"

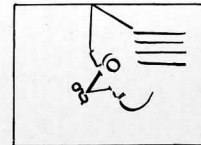




The Soph-Mor Who Camped.

NOT always was One-Four-Get-Your-Sheepskin as now we do behold it, but far different. And it *had* a precedent. It was mischievy and jumpy and it particularly liked the night.

Things were not so well with One-Four in those Less High and Far-off times. There was an ancient custom in the land, and the custom was this: A certain tribe called Soph-Mor (which, being interpreted, means a foolish sophister, but we, Oh, Best Beloved, will call them Soph for short), always gave the first clan-entertainment to the new tribe just joining. This entertainment was called hazing. It was a most interesting entertainment—for Soph. Pantomimic performances were given by the new tribe, such as rolling a peanut across the floor with a nose; and refreshments were served by Soph such as the staff of life soaked in vinegar. But in the General Council it was ruled that Soph-Mor would no longer be permitted to break the first bread with the new tribe in this wise. Soph were very wrothy. They called a Tribe Council and determined that it would not be fair to a new tribe to deprive it of this means of becoming acquainted with some of the clan. So they changed the name of the ceremony and omitted the refreshments—for the new tribe. They called it a Dunce Dance and Soph were quite as well entertained as by hazing.



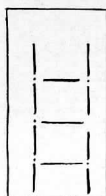
Rolling a Peanut

One Thursday at six before dinner-time, One-Four-Get-Your-Sheepskin went to the big cave, Gym. But they didn't wear their Knickers. Wearing Knickers on Tuesday and Thursday is a habit and One-Four had lost it. The Man and the Woman were much annoyed, and the Woman said, "I give you ten minutes to get your Knickers on. If you are not here in that time you lose the lesson and will pay for it." This was hard doctrine, and so One-Four ran. It ran through the reed-long grass, it ran through through the Kraal; and it Knickers. Then it ran through the short grass, through the reed-beds, ten minutes had run, Eleven (which is higher mathematics for saying One-Four was one minute



Reed-beds, Long Grass, Short Grass, Kraal

late). That was the most expensive minute One-Four ever knew. It cost five dollars—and the lesson, for the Man had gone.



A Ladder

The Rajah Sey thought that life was too dull and uninteresting; and so she organized a procession in memory of the sad funeral of Freshie Knocker. The viceroy Kāt danced on a ladder in a pair of bloomers. She had to! She was afraid she wouldn't be in the procession. But she was. Howsomever, One-Four-Get-Your-Sheepskin lost two A. B.'s (that's an abbrev. for Advisory Board-ers). But this wasn't all that they lost. No, indeed! They lost violetting time, and sweet slow strolls to the Sound, and innumerable trips to the Spa. Because, Oh Best Beloved, they were forced to stay a month on campus (which is collegiate for castra). And they have never forgotten it. The fame of the decree has gone down with them and the name has adhered to them.

One-Four *was* mischievy and it *was* jumpy, but it liked Art. It liked it so well that it stayed over every week-end and took two hours of it on Saturday mornings at ten before dinner-time. And it sat up all one night in May making a note book.

There came a day when One-Four was to find out how 'stute was the new tribe in the clan game called basket ball. One-Four didn't think it was 'stute at all. Anyway it thought that its great chief, McMahon, could conquer any tribe—so great was its faith and admiration. The chief strove manfully and so did her men, but the new tribe got the best of the argument. It behappened and became on account of one of those Knobby things called "technical points." But there was more than one point—and the last one was that One-Four lost the cup. Now, it was a beautiful shiny cup with all nice writing on it and One-Four wanted it. So they inserted a glittering thing in the hole of the box and extracted the shiny cup and went and had a picture taken.



A Knobby Thing Called "Technical Point"

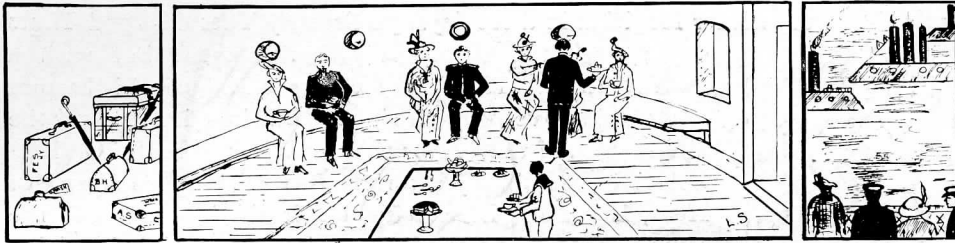


"Oh, Bananas!"

But later at Outdoor Meet One-Four said to itself, "We won't be beaten—not for ever so." And it looked to its great chief, McMahon, and she won the day for One-Four, and a medal for herself. "Oh, Bananas!" said they, "we knew she could do it"; and they glowed with pride.

This, O Best Beloved, was the last of One-Four—for a while. The clan broke up and went home to its mother for three months; and so *that's* all right.

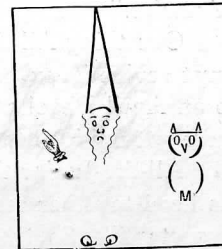




The Junior That Thirsted for Science.

HEAR and attend and listen; for this befell and behappened and was, O my Best Beloved, in the days when philosophy first came to be known. But before I tell you more you must know that one joined the fold who had never been with us before. She came from afar off and she said, "Ah! These are very wise people but they are not so wise as I am." Her hands were full of gifts, much Experience and Unselfishness in giving us of her knowledge and correcting our faults.

Now, in the Time of the Very Junior Beginnings, the Eldest Magician was getting things ready. First he got his field ready—that is, that faculty that forms ideas, makes judgments and reasons. Then he got his matter ready—the science that investigates the highest causes of all things inasfar as they are knowable by reason. Then he told All-the-Junior-there-was that they could come out and play. All-the-Junior-there-was said, "O Eldest Magician, what shall we play at?"; and he said, "I will show you." Then he took them and said, "Play at being Logicians." So All-the-Junior-there-was played. They played at being



The Eldest Magician

Logicians, they played at being Metaphysicians who are divided into Cosmologists, Natural Theologists and Psychologists. And the Eldest Magician asked them questions, and they answered. And when they asked, "Is that right?" he said, "No, that's German philosophy with a vengeance"; and they are German philosophers to this day.

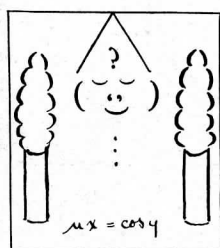
Junior Beginnings, All-the-sister-class, and they hadn't they were an elder sister-seven new children. No one theirs had been; but then no



German Philosopher

just like theirs, either. They did not know it at first, but they watched All-the-Freshmen-there-was and soon discovered it, and they've kept on discovering it more and more.

In the June *before* the Very Junior-there-was lost their time to get used to it before class themselves to fifty-ever had elder sisters just as one ever had younger ones



A Gentle, Kindly Magician
with a Fearful Magic

There was another Magician in those days, particularly Tues days and Thurs days; a gentle, kindly Magician himself, but with a fearful Magic. If he had locked the Magic in his bosom, *that* would have been all right. But he tried to *teach* the Magic to All-the-Junior-there-was, and that, O Best Beloved, was simply utterly. They had once heard of Heat, Light and Electricity, but it didn't seem to be the same Heat, Light "or" Electricity that this Magician talked about. It was a fearsome thing. But one day the Magician made a great big Magic, called Exemption. This was a good Magic. And he made another called Examination, and this wasn't good. But it ended the fearsome Magic.

There were times of rest and pleasure, though, and one of these happened when All-the-College-there-was withdrew into a place called Retreat. There they were duly warned against that human specimen, "the animated clothes-horse"; and there, for two days, they heard much and then more of the books they ought not to read. But then no one had ever read any of them, and wouldn't think of doing so.

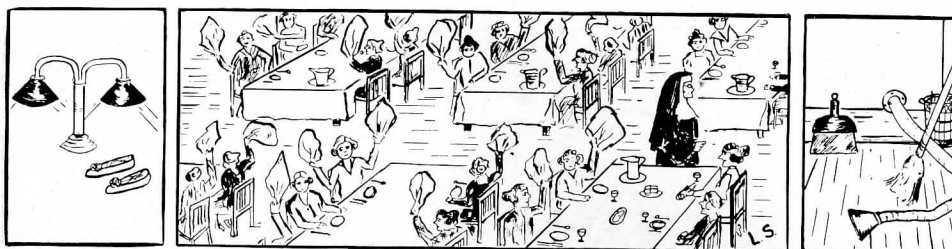
It was in these days that a new plan was made—a beautiful plan—by All-the-Senior-there-was. It was a plan full of nourishment and it was called tea-rooms—which being interpreted means fruit salad, hot fudge sundaes and chicken sandwiches. They were simply frabjous, and they brought in much money, which is a sordid but necessary evil, to a business corporation called "Annales."

One thing All-the-Junior-there-was couldn't forget was its precedent. They must revive it, even if it was to be a commuted precedent. It *was* commuted—to an April Phool party. But though it *was* night, the lights were lit and there were good things to eat, especially Kat's wonderful salad and salad dressing.

All-the-Junior-there-was—and there wasn't much *Junior* by this time—put its head together and said, "We must make a Magic to show that we are really important." So they made a Musical Magic with words, called a Class Song. And on Banner Day the Eldest Magician said, "Indeed you are very important, for you have won the contest"—and gave them a beautiful flag, all silk.

Then they all went home, Best Beloved, for that is all the Junior there was.





How the Senior Got Its Skin.

THIS, O my Best Beloved, is a story—a new and wonderful story—a story quite different from the other stories—a story about the Most Wise Reverend Senior. There are eight hundred seventy-six stories about Nineteen-four-Ten but this is not one of them. It is not the story of The Silver Thread; or of the Freshmen who gave the Sophomores a sleigh ride; or of the mid-year play that had only one junior in it because all the others came back late. It is the story of the Senior that got its Sheepskin, after waiting four years for it.

Nineteen-four-Ten were wise. They understood Book XXI and XXII in the original Livy; they knew all of The History of Western Europe. They understood the Nature of Certainty and knew a sorites from an enthymeme. They knew the theory of Surplus Value and how Capital exploited Labor. They knew everything from how to breathe correctly to how to get a hundred per cent. in the City Exams.

In the Summer of 1913, Senior had retired into the country. When they returned to winter quarters one of their number was missing—the one who had the brightest eyes and the blackest hair of all, and a keen wit. They found a new palace awaiting them—that is to say, the promise of a palace, for at that time there were many wooden planks lying about and much mortar. But when all the Afrits had finished their work and gone away, there lay a great, gray, grand, graceful building, right opposite the huge, hairy, hoary house called the Caastle. And it was good to look at.

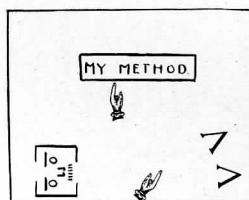
When the last loose plank disappeared Faculty said, "It's time for tea." But 'twasn't to be just five o'clock tea and bread and butter. No, indeed! The Afrits—caterer Afrits—bestirred themselves. They mixed frozen cream and made a Most Superior Comestible. And they brewed tea and made specialized cakes, and it was all done beautiful and tasted most sentimental.

There were cards for this tea, Richly Engraved at Tiffany's. (That's 'spensive.) So beautiful were they that some disappeared, leaving their envelopes behind them. Those that were left were sent hither and yon inviting many friends to partake of our Superior Comestibles and to view the glories of The New Building. They came in great numerical numbers, and they stayed to a very tardy lateness because they had a most inciting time.

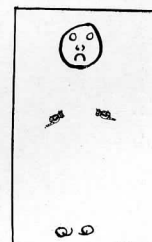
This all happened in the happy days when Senior was most 'scruciating idle. But it did not last for long. Presently there came a man and he proceeded with a complete courteous method to say, "I am here at

the College of New Rochelle to give you what is in me in my crude way." But it wasn't crude. It was so clear, concise, correct, that Senior grew dizzy. Presently there came a woman who said, "My long and bubbling friends, you must work. Bring a little yard of meteerial and we will make a small, little apron."

"Um," said Senior, and forgot to bring the little yard.



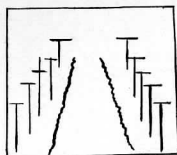
The Man With a Complete Courteous Method



Senior Forgot Her Little Yard

Presently came another woman, and she said, "How do the lines appear when the object is below the eye? Very good. We will draw one."

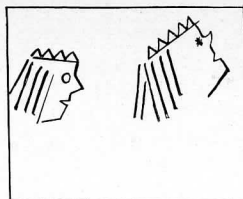
For goodness' sake!" said Senior, and drew a square prism, and parallel perspective, and patterns of cubes. And so *that* was all right, Best Beloved.



Parallel Perspective

There is a very most special affliction peculiar to Senior and it is called Year Book. There are nine hundred ninety-nine parts to Year Book, that is, before it appears in May, done in frabjous blue from which gold rays are reflected in more-than-Oriental splendor. Each one of the nine hundred ninety-nine parts has nine hundred ninety-nine sub-parts. By actual count there are nine hundred ninety-nine pictures and each picture must be taken nine hundred ninety-nine times. There are class histories and drawings that must be asked for every day for nine hundred and ninety-nine days. There are nine hundred ninety-nine bills to pay and nine hundred ninety-nine cents in the treasury. "Oh, nquing!" said Senior, "we are most extremely troubled on account of this trouble, for it is a troublesome trouble, unlike any trouble we have known." And when it was finished there were nine hundred ninety-nine sighs of relief.

In the mid year there two queens, the Most Royal and Mary, the Most Lovely heavy was the trouble be- be fought out at the Plaza, each queen. Leicester, "a neither, but was most ex- Tender and affecting was Hannah and Margaret and of the Most Lovely Mary Stuart. And there was the French Count L'Aubespine, who proclaimed a day of ch-choy—before they went to the Plaza. *There* it was "joy."

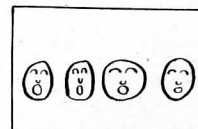


Dissension Between Two Queens

When Senior began to droop from much labor and hard thinking, came Djinn-in-Charge-of-Retreats to put new life into them. And Senior rejoiced because they still held him in affectionate remembrance. But when he went home and Senior had had a vacation and had returned, then sped the days when Senior at last got its Sheepskin. And the day did come, and Senior did get it. And then, Oh Best Beloved, you think there was great rejoicing, do you not? But it wasn't all joy, not for ever so. There was sadness at long partings, and memories already beginning to crowd thick and fast upon Senior. Senior remembers more, and looks back oftener, and thinks ahead with less eagerness in May than ever before. There are seven bitter-sweet days in this last week. There is Glee Club Night and Commencement Day. There is Senior Reception. There is Field Day. And then, Oh my Best Beloved, there is a long good-bye and a last song:

"Where, oh where, are the grave old Seniors?
Safe now in the wide, wide world."

Senior has its skin, Beloved, but it isn't very warm.



The Grave Old Seniors



"My very hairs do mutiny."

Basket-ball Team (1, 2)
ΦΕ

MARGUERITE COLLINS

WE first knew Marguerite "as the girl with the curls"—and how the college has envied those same curls. And, speaking of personal charms, one of Marguerite's pet grievances is a certain stock "T. L." which always accompanies a gymnasium lesson in which she partakes. There's another point wherein she differs from the rest of us. She longs to "gain!" Fancy such heresy! And every pound lost is a sigh gained for Marguerite. But due to this same lack of weight—and other things—she was the terror of opposing teams on the basket-ball field. "Collins, make them lose their guess," is a famous war-cry. Marguerite can rebuff you right sharply if she so wills. But if you would know the real, true, sterling worth of her—just fall ill.





"My very hairs do mutiny."

Basket-ball Team (1, 2)
ΦΕ

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"Hurry is the resource of the faithless."

SERENA J. CONDON

It isn't often a girl is given an unusual name that fits her so perfectly that no one ever thinks of using a nick-name. "Serena" is such a perfect "fit," and the fact that her middle name is Joy, furnishes us with an answer to the question: "What's in a name?" In Junior year, Father Halpin's shafts about substantiality glanced off her shining armor of good humor. This year, of course, the remarks die from lack of nourishment. Serena rose to fame in Senior year for class spirit plus business acumen. But her large serenity remains all undisturbed by our enthusiasm as it was by Father's witticisms. These facts are common property. It is known to but a privileged few that Serena is a linguist, intensely interested in the restoration of Gaelic.



—ANNALES—



"She hath wrought by the counsel
of her hands, and her fingers
have taken hold of the spindle."

Class President (1)
Choir
Sodality Counsellor
Business Staff, Year Book
ΦΕ

MARY CURRAN

"TINK"

HERE is no denying it, Tink is one of the true "domestics" of the Class. Of course there are reasons and reasons why she is so eternally plying her needle, but the task is not ours to explain. May we be permitted a colloquialism, and say, "Let George do *that*!"? We shall have to see M. T. C. in spheres other than the College World, if we would make an accurate statement as to whether her habitual ennui is a permanent condition. We hope not. But it has lasted so long we begin to tremble. Even the Mistress of Discipline seems to quail before her cool nonchalance. However, whether it is this "air" of hers or not, we must admit that Tink is irresistibly fascinating. She could have had any number of fair adorers in college had she been interested enough to encourage them. But no! From Friday night to Sunday night Tink chose to live; she merely existed the rest of the week. And you ought to hear the adorable way she says "Re—ally, my deah?"



ANNALES



"For thou wert strong as thou
wert true."

Manager Basket Ball Team (2)
Secretary Dramatic Society (3)
Mistress of Ceremonies, Sodality (3)
Sodality Counsellor (4)
President Dramatic Society (4)
Vice-President of Student Body (4)
Asst. Literary Editor, Year Book
ΦΕ

WINIFRED DEMAREST

"WIN," "WINNIE"

WHEN we studied Metaphysics, we discovered that there is no such thing as a dual personality. We were greatly surprised for we thought we had one in our midst. In fact, some of us had even named her various phases. There was Miss DEMAREST, Advisory Board member, who said grace, or conducted dramatic rehearsals in a high collar and a mantle of chilly dignity. Then there was WINIFRED who went to dances, who looked for Saturday night on Monday morning; and who was one of our tennis champions. WINNIE played trained nurse, sympathetic friend and conscientious staff member, all equally well. But WIN was hopeless. She seemed to be possessed by a very imp, and gave distracting imitations of a fractious child or a timid rabbit. When Win appeared, Winnie's friends always looked about resignedly and expected the worst. There was one other phase that we couldn't name; a mood that made her sit by her lattice and gaze at the moon. Sometimes she hummed "Could I," and sometimes she murmured "Midnight and Love and Youth and Italy." And sometimes she just *sighed and sighed!* Of course, we know there can be but one personality but her friends will tell you that *these* are Winifred.



ANNALES



"Sentimentally I am disposed to harmony, but organically I am incapable of tune."

Member of Cabinet, ΦΕ (3, 4)
Business Staff, Year Book

LORETTE DONLIN

"RETTE"

WHEN is the next train?" is Lorette's most characteristic question; and because of it we thought her a girl of one desire—until this year! Then in a single night behold a change! Mrs. Davis assigned to Lorette the rôle of "Mary Stuart," and from thence dates the new development. It is hard to believe after three years' experience, but it is true that our "almost commuter" actually sacrificed Friday nights and Saturday mornings to the perfecting of her histrionic talents. We must not fail to mention her formidable qualities. Greater strength than this hath no man, we are tempted to say. In fact her physical capabilities (in private circles be it understood) are such that she has won a title for herself, her exclusive claim to which is disputed by another. Let there be no suggestion in this of a want of dignity in Lorette. She carries a very generous share of it in her small person—gentle courtesy, graciousness and just a hint of Puck is but a brief way of telling why we love her.



—ANNALES—



"Thou art to them as a musical song that is sung with a sweet and agreeable voice."

Class Vice-President (1)
 Class President (2)
 Basket-Ball Team (2)
 Class Vice-President (3)
 Choir
 ΦΕ
 Class President (4)
 President, Student Body (4)

ROSE J. FEIG



THE class hadn't known Rose long before they decided that she must have a finger in their governing. And they grew so in the habit of it by Senior year that they simply gave the whole college over into her hands. And how Rose has borne that burden! Through the awful ordeal of College President she has come unchanged in all her tact and sweetness.

It were impossible to tell all the things that endear Rose to every college girl. There is her reputation for diplomacy and the domestic arts, and her talent of looking perfect in a high collar. She can make whole dresses by hand—and during Retreat at that. We have had occasion recently to remember an epithet bestowed upon Rose—when our flower developed into a blush-rose in English class. That was the only time Rose claimed the lime-light in this field. She prefers to concentrate her light upon Math. It is an ever-increasing wonder to the less gifted of her co-mates how so charming a girl can be successful in the sphere of the $\sqrt{\quad}$ and minus x . However, habit is strong, and we have long ceased to think anything impossible to Rose. The delinquent in low collar, at chapel, justly quails before Miss Feig's stern gaze; but to know *Rose* you should know the deliciously unofficial sense of humor she has.

ANNALES



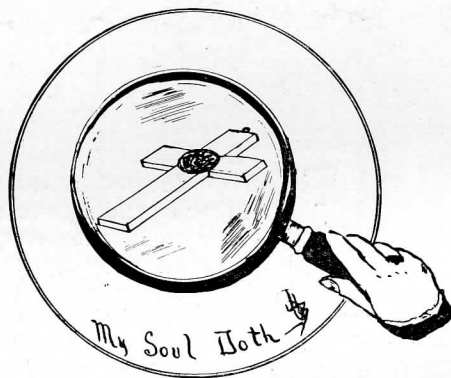
"There is so much to laugh at in this vale of tears."

Class Vice-President (2)
 Class President (3)
 Class Vice-President (4)
 Advisory Board (4)
 President of Sodality (4)
 Choir
 Business Staff, Quarterly (3, 4)
 Business Staff, Year Book
 ΦΕ

KATHERINE FINIGAN

"KATE"

A SERENE face 'neath a blue tassel and a Sodality medal round her neck—that means that Kate is a member of the Advisory Board and President of the Sodality. But that's not all—no, indeed! Just stand on the landing outside the gym for a few minutes at any time during the day, and you will soon find out that Kate is a very busy member of the Business Staff of the Quarterly—and she must "consult" very, very often! If Kate sees you there, you'll discover another of her "belongings." She has a glorious blush, has Kate. It grows, *and grows, and grows*; it is really one of the very nicest things our class can claim. Kate has a most devoted family, too. Not once in all her four years has the "Norwich Sun" failed to appear in her mail, and it is always sure to contain a joke which her keen sense of humor will immediately appreciate. For she *has* a sense of humor—and a wonder it is! She has never yet been found lacking an answer. But you ought to see Kate climb down a ladder!



—ANNALES—

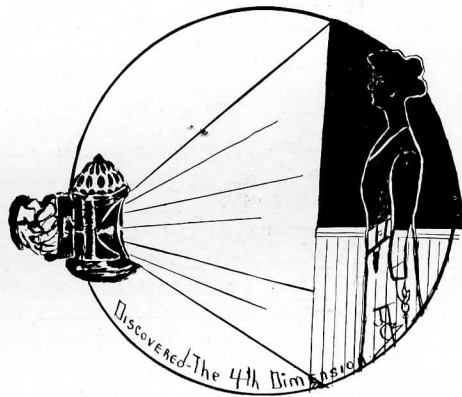


"I looked down toward her feet,
but that is a long, long tale."

Advisory Board (4)

AGNES GORDON

ONCE, Agnes was absent, and the class took to counting the chairs and reciting the alphabet in its anxiety. And it was strange, too, in a way, for our tallest class mate is the most silent. Only when it is a question of mathematics does she descend from her height of reserve and mingle with her associates in an effort, usually successful at that, to prove to them that her original method of extracting square root is far superior to that taught the rest of us in our Prep. school days. Agnes comes from Portchester. We don't know the town but we think well of it—that is, if the girl connotes the place.





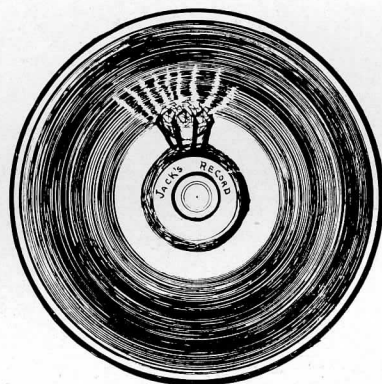
"As cold water to a thirsty soul,
so is good news from a far
country."

Vice-President, Glee Club (4)
Choir
Mandolin
Business Staff, Year Book
ΦΕ

ELIZABETH KELLY

SHE would much rather have us talk about Jack than about anything else. To quote her own words, she could sit for hours and talk about him herself. But after all, Jack only came to be known at College in Junior year, and we've always had Elizabeth.

Many are the times when we longed for something like home, we were thankful we did have her, for her homely naïveté has made us all love her. Elizabeth will cry with you, laugh with you, or just gossip with you—whichever you are in a mood for. And the size of her heart simply cannot be measured—we would need to know the fourth dimension. But it is with the Faculty that she stars. We don't mean in "class." Elizabeth is no grind. It is outside of class that she is the favored. She is on intimate terms with all the "lady-faculties," and the "men-faculties" are certain to succumb to her gentle simplicity. As we began with Jack so we must end. He hates us all for keeping Elizabeth these last two years; but we are giving her up now. We are thankful to him because, again to quote, "He is responsible for all my domesticity," and we know her warmth of heart originated in him. Here's hoping he'll accept our sincerest congratulations.





"In whom there reigns a singular and most charming combination of tenderness, delicacy and generosity."

Choir
ΦΕ

ELIZABETH LEE

"BETSY"

BEFORE we knew "Betty" of the blue eyes and light fluffy hair, we thought of her as one of the children of the class—one to be shielded and advised. But, oh! what an awakening was ours! One morning in Philosophy class started it—one morning when the whole atmosphere seemed charged. Then one event followed another, till now we who "thought we knew," find ourselves asking "Betty." There is not a girl in the College who has and who gives so many remedies for every illness under the sun. Of course, we suppose "Uncle" has a lot to do with that. But if Elizabeth didn't have such a dear, generous nature—well, our druggist bills would be considerably higher. One of the most charming things about her is her mutability. One moment she says to you, "Betsy feels very peevish—don't annoy her"—and the next minute she has entirely forgotten "Betsy," and is sending a bevy of bored maidens into gales of laughter by her wit and her acuteness of perception.





"Talk of nothing but business and despatch that business quickly."

Basket-Ball Team (1, 2)
 Class Treasurer (2)
 Treasurer, ΦE (3, 4)
 Treasurer, Athletic Ass. (4)
 President, Alpha Alpha Society (4)
 Business Manager, Year Book

MARGARET LONERGAN



THE only times we have seen Margaret really excited are those occasions when large "ads" for Annales have been presented. Otherwise, of late, she has taken to adopting the characteristics of a certain tinkering substance with which she has had much to do.

She has her own woman's share of volubility, but with it all, there are not many to whom she confides "herself." It has been whispered that Margaret would leave even Year Book business if there were a "Castle Walk" in progress; but we who know hotly deny the imputation. Yes, it is true there is nothing our Business Manager seems to enjoy as much as dancing; but let anyone suggest that she is delinquent in affairs financial and we will immediately cast upon the offender such a look as Margaret bestows when some mere babbler of words tells her she "looks stouter." There is a deep dark secret about Margaret. She has a fairy godmother! We are not quite sure of the name, but we think it is "Alpha Alpha Presidency." At any rate this fairy has often saved the rest of us from disgrace by telling her god-child just the answer Father Halpin is looking for.



"Never such an arm as thine to throw the basket-ball."

Captain Basket-Ball Team (1, 2)
Varsity (3)
Captain Varsity (4)
Wearer of N. R.
President, Athletic Ass. (4)
Choir

EVELYN McMAHON

"Ev"

EVELYN entered college quietly with a long brown curl over one shoulder. But the first day in the gym immediately made her famous forever. And not only in games of strength and skill, but also those tests of endurance and grace performed in the ball-room, we find her in the lead. She is always just a bit ahead of everyone else in learning and executing a new step. In Athletics there is no one thing in which she excels. She can run the whole gamut of activities and come out victor in all. But none of this has tended to give her that "superior air" which she might so deservedly assume. Outside of Athletics, we hardly ever see or hear our famous classmate—except at the office, where there are always special deliveries, and other forms of mail for her. Evelyn never relieves our curious minds as to the why or the wherefore of this or that—in short she is not of the communicative type.





“PEG”

“Take life too seriously and what is it worth?”

Sodality Counsellor

MARGARET T. McNAMARA

A TINY maid with dainty hands and feet—our “Peg.” “Innumerable” mail twice a day (because there are only two deliveries)—then she is Peggie. But with a drooping mouth and serious gray eyes, and a pre-occupied air, you have Margaret—the Margaret that is awfully interested in deans and other college affairs. She has a clinging sort of way—the kind that makes one feel protectingly towards her. Even her brothers are so attentive that there are occasional doubts as to their identity. We say she *seems* to need protection. Let us add, she is all too capable of taking perfect care of herself. Which brings us to the tale of her physical prowess. But we won’t tell it. We must mention, too, her reputation as a room-mate, and her great aversion to disclosing names. “Peg’s” friends have urged her to embrace a career as model for boudoir caps—she looks so fetching in them.



—ANNALS—



"I thank you for your voices:
thank you: your most sweet
voices."

Organist
Auditory Treasurer, ΦΕ (3, 4)
President, Glee Club (4)
President, Choir (4)
President, Mandolin Club (4)

ALICE Z. MAHONEY

"AL"

WHENEVER you see a little group crowded together about a central figure, you may know that Alice is telling of her latest escapade. There is always music, and gales of merriment, wherever she goes. Speaking of music brings us to Glee Club and Alice's presidency, which she has maintained with such great efficiency this year. Music also brings us to the loss the terpsichorean portion of college will suffer with Alice's departure. For four years dance enthusiasts have sought her out (and not in vain, either) to "play just one more." And music *again* suggests Alice's performances on the organ which are splendid—except when the fire of inspiration drives her to attempt the impossible. Because it *is* impossible, you know, to play "Row, Row, Row," on a small organ.





"If I have done well it is that which I desired; but if slenderly and meanly, it is that which I could attain unto."

Basket-Ball Team (1, 2)
Associate Editor, Quarterly (3, 4)
Recording Secretary, ΦE (3, 4)
Editor-in-Chief, Year Book

ALMA E. MILLER

"JONATHAN"

A FRIEND now, a friend then, a friend always, is Alma. She is one half the combination that enables "1914" to have the perfect "Jonathan and David." No one would ever dare tell Alma to her face that she is very demonstrative — goodness no! But let us murmur in passing that the almost didactic Editor known to the three under-classes is *not* Alma. If you doubt it ask any of the Seniors from the President of Athletics to the Editor-in-Chief of the Quarterly. However, we grant that whenever she says a thing, whether it is the placing of a quotation or the expounding of a new theory in Sociology, you simply must believe her. But the nicest part of that is that you invariably find your credulity has been justified. When Alma is not playing a biblical rôle or editing a Year Book, she delights in playing Postmaster-General for the entire College. There is one sure method of offending her: ask her whether she has forgotten your letter. And if you survive you may like to compute the number of letters she has *remembered* in four years. Wonders never cease, do they? We used to think the "weaker vessels" were all Alma was interested in, but alas! Senior year reveals many things!





"One such friend alone can ever
from the very nature of things
belong to any one human being."

Dramatic Staff (2, 3)
Secretary, Advisory Board (3)
Secretary, Glee Club (3)
Editor-in-Chief of the Quarterly
Literary Editor, Year Book
ΦΕ

LETITIA MURPHY

"TISH," "LET," "DAVID"

ONE of the Faculty once said that Letitia was the only *real student* in College. That, of course, is one way of saying it. It *appears* to tell the tale of her ready tongue in Class, of her never-failing explanations of any questions under the sun, from an impromptu definition of snow, or a lesson in cancellation, to the Ulster movement, or an appreciation of Browning. But it leaves out of account her singing, and her fame for dancing, her "smooth running" pen—that is responsible for her one old man of the sea, and her partnership with another—and her unsought and unofficial post of "coach" around examination time. Ask "Tish" to explain the Congress of Vienna.—It tells nothing of the wealth of sympathy that has ever made her an abiding comfort for every woe known to man, or rather to woman. But there is always a sense that Tish is half-concealing while half-revealing something. Perhaps the other half of the "David and Jonathan" combination could help us to a solution of the problem, but she is not over-communicative. Speaking of problems—that is where Letitia "fails." Mathematics is her *bête noir*; and the awful part of it is she doesn't care. But then, why need she, with such a host of mathematical friends?



ANNALES



"Seems to make the world all warm and kind by just smiling her own bonnie smile."

Class Secretary (1, 2, 3, 4)
Sodality Counsellor (4)
Secretary of the Cross (4)
Art Editor, Year Book Staff
ΦΕ

JULIA O'BRIEN

"JULE"

THERE'S no force on earth can resist "Jule" when she smiles, and that's why we all miss her so much at vacations. When the time comes to board the "sleeper" for Seneca Falls—well! she's just *all* smile.

Then there are her wonderful long slim fingers to which nothing is impossible in the line of art. And there is always an engaged sister's fiancé to be attended to, when he visits New York. But greater than all, and far more important to "1914," is just "Jule" herself, with her, "Say, listen, kiddies," and her eyes of "deep, bright and most expressive blue."





"With a wet towel round her head to keep the metaphysics in."

Advisory Board (3)
ΦE

ELIZABETH O'REILLY

"BETTY"



FLASH and a gasp and she's gone! That's Betty! There is never a want of excitement when she is around. For pure ingenuousness she has long held the championship. She is the kind of a girl who whispers "Hail, Mary," between words in a recitation. All the professors have a warm spot for Betty, and it's well! For she is likely to sputter off into just gasps if they should gaze too coldly. There was once an English professor—but that's Ancient History and out of place. Anyway, Betty was a "wreck" that year, especially in Latin memory class. She has a great heart, and any "Poor Kid" is sure to receive ready sympathy from this little lady with the sparkling eyes.



—ANNALES—



"She doeth little kindnesses which most leave undone and many despise."

Class Treasurer (3, 4)
Choir
Musical Director, Dramatic Society
Sodality Counsellor (4)
Oratorian
Mandolin Club
ΦΕ

RITA QUINLAN

"RITE," "QUINNIE," "ANGEL"

SOMEONE once christened Rita "The Angel," and there is a certain degree of suitability in the title if it is taken to mean something ethereal and elusive. "Quinnie's" delicate complexion and sweet voice, and her whimsical humor create the impression of elfishness. But then Rita as room-mate, is pure girl. She is famous as a mandolinist. She is one of the pillars of the choir. However, she has one very bad fault. She talks amazingly during English class to the girl next her. There have been many theories current as to why "The Angel" should suddenly defy all precedent in this way. We finally concluded that, lest the Year Book follow the Junior lead and pronounce her "gentle," she exerted herself, in desperation, to conceal this striking characteristic of hers from the observant eye of the lit'ry eds. There is a story, too, of how she prinked for an unexpected caller, one day—but that is something else again.





"And panting time toils in vain
not to get there first."

Basket-Ball Team (1, 2)
Mandolin Club
Art Editor, Year Book Staff
ΦΕ

LOUISE SEYMOUR

LOUISE is always being told she is original; but that is for want of a better word. If anyone can find the superlative of that adjective he is fully qualified to describe Louise.

When she gives utterance to one of her many ideas, even now, we gasp and then laugh before we begin to realize she is serious. As a matter of fact the results of her ideas, if carried out, are always serious. Louise has had more "fanciers"—and more "fancied"—than any girl in College (almost). When she was a mere Freshman, the President of the Student Body was not so great a person that Louise dared not assail her. Frankly, there are few things our artistic friend won't attempt. But we are still waiting for her to quarrel with Ruth. That will be an event to wonder at, not only for its absolute un-heard-of-ness, but because—well, Louise just about always gets what she wants.



ANNALES



"She has tasted and seen that her traffic is good;
She hath arisen in the night and given victuals to her maidens."

Basket-Ball Team (1, 2)

Varsity

Wearer of the N. R. (3, 4)

Business Staff, Quarterly (3)

Business Manager, Quarterly (4)

Member, President Cabinet, ΦΕ

RUTH SEYMOUR

RUTH has such a babyish expression in her eyes," we've heard people say. There are Freshmen and Sophomores who are awfully fond of babyish expressions—or did you know that before we told you? But with all the devotion tendered to her, Ruth isn't a bit fond of poetry. While long, glowing stanzas are read by our deep-voiced professor, Ruth adds up columns and columns of square-formed figures. But, though a pained expression marks the features of the professor, Ruth adds on. Handsful of greenbacks and "Quarterly" business are her indelible ear-marks. Her scintillating answers in "Methods" have often stunned us. Moreover, she is one of the mathematicians of the class. And even though she is said to have "the better disposition of the two," we may state that there have been exhibitions of that disposition—in the mathematics course.



ANNALES



"We only know she came and went."

MARGARET WARNER

"BOBBY"

IN Freshman year "Bobby" kept the English class in a continual fever of excitement over her hair-breadth escapes from a watery death. In Sophomore year she went to the M. I. T. prom., and upon her return, reduced the whole class to hopeless envy by her glowing accounts. She firmly established a great reputation for herself when we came to Logic. But 'twas in Senior year that many hidden talents blossomed out in our "Bobby." The drawing teacher spoke with praise of her beautiful work. When we sang "Rounds" on Wednesday mornings, her line was sure to win out in the contest. But do you want to know, *really*, what kind of a girl "Bobby" is? She's the kind that practices her gymnasium lesson before class!



ANNALES



"I am not in the roll of common men."

President, ΦE (3, 4)

STELLA R. WILZ

WHEN Stella came to us in the beginning of Junior Year, with her tales of "At Harvard" and "In one of my classes," we didn't know just what attitude to take toward her. She knew such a lot! And she had had such wonderful experiences, that we were inclined to be exclusive. But when she began to be President of Phi Epsilon; when she wrote the Prize Banner Song for 1914; when as a grande finale, she calmly carried off the Apologetics prize in June—then we knew Stella. That is to say, we thought we did. It was in Senior year that she revealed a new side entirely. She was madly interested in babies! And then one Spring day after Easter, she blushing informed us that initiations into medical fraternities were—"oh! simply glorious!" Now, we surely have her "placed."





Maxims of Alma Mater

¶ As wet shoes on a cold day, so is a closed breakfast room to a hungry student.

¶ The sayings of Solomon can be deciphered; yea, even the writings of Henry James can be understood—but who shall explain the letter which saith, “You know what you said in your last letter,—well—.”

¶ As the rising sun on a calm lake, so is the face of her who hath prepared her lesson; but the face of her who hath not, is like unto a dark river covered with broken ice.

¶ What thou thinkest of the Bertillion system, or what thou deemest proper for children's party frocks, that shalt thou confide to thy “chum” in secret. But what thou thinkest of the Faculty or thy fellow-students, that shalt thou lock in thy bosom with many keys.

¶ She who neglecteth to pass thee the bread is to be censured, yea, and she who taketh the tenderest piece of meat shall be called selfish; but I say unto thee that she who interrupteth a meal with dissertations on higher etiquette, verily, *there is no standing her!*

¶ Not every maiden who saith, “No, really,” is disingenuous; but as for her who saith, “But, m'deah, you *know*,” I say unto thee, she is a guileful virgin.

¶ There be two things which cause a student great joy; yea, three at which she saith unto herself, “Thank goodness!”

To be told her new coiffure is becoming;
To have an examination postponed;
And to be called to the telephone during dinner.

¶ As a maiden who remarketh, “I have washed my hair and, *lo*, I *can't* do a thing with it,” so is a professor who saith that Brander Matthews made one clever remark.

¶ My child, be wary of her who saith unto thee, “My deah, I know you are lonesome; come, I will kiss you—,” for if thou heedest her, it shall be said of thee, “Lo, she hath a crush.”

¶ As one who drinketh water after cider, so is the lecturer who repeateth a joke heard in class.

¶ To be late for luncheon is a vexation, but to be late for class when the Mistress of Studies greeteth thee in the hall, who can endure it?

¶ She who hath charged over-much at the Quarterly is not wise; but of her who trusteth her linen to the laundry, it shall be said, “Thou fool!”

¶ Listen to the voice of authority; yea, hearken unto the sound of her who speaketh oft, that thou mightest delight thy friends with mimicry and make light the passing of the study hours.

¶ A freshman with a crush is a trial to her friends; but a senior who hath fallen is become a hissing and a by-word.

¶ Like strong tea without cream is a girl without tact; and she who saith, “How wretchedly you are looking,” is as salad-dressing made with cotton-seed oil.

¶ Why art thou cast down, oh, my child, that thy new hat maketh thee to look like a superannuated pedagogue? Knowest thou not thou art in style and what boots it?

¶ Ten times may you return from the village after five, but on the eleventh, one shall say to you, "Campused for three weeks."

¶ As hot rolls and delicious coffee on a cold morning, so is a room-mate who knoweth when to observe silence; but of her who prattleth of naught until three in the morning, it shall be written, "She is a bore."

¶ Who shall say who hath virtue, and how shall an innocent maiden judge? For a lace yoke is often a handkerchief and many a collar-bone is hidden by a well-posed wrist.

¶ My child, take heed that thy light be out when the vigilant watch; and when the holy arise, get thee likewise to Mass that it may be said of thee, "Thou art a pillar of the College, here is a golden cross for thee."

¶ Cut tests shall follow her who absenteth herself from class and she who talketh loudly in the hall shall be reprimanded. But for her who maketh the phonograph to sing during examination week, there shall be prepared a deep pit of burning fire!

¶ To be awakened early when thou hadst composed thyself for a long sleep is an irritation, and to travel a slippery path without rubbers is a precarious task; but to listen to the maiden who sings "The Old Front Porch" from seven A. M. to eleven P. M. is *madness*!

¶ Like an April day when the thermometer is at 30°, so is a friend who prompts so thou canst not hear.

¶ If thou wouldst avoid difficulty, bear thee like the scallop who openeth her mouth but to take in food.

¶ There is no course like a review in Mathematics to display before thy fellows thy hidden weakness.

¶ As a pin pricking in an inaccessible spot, is he who whistles "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" from the getting-up of the sun to the setting thereof.

¶ My child, take heed lest thou fall into temptation through charging at the tea-room; and remember thy prudent ways lest a cut-test should over-take thee unawares.

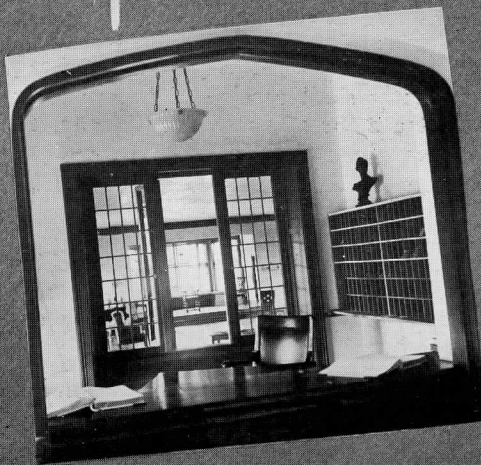
¶ Not every girl who taketh notes incessantly shall receive high praise, nor shall she who is silent be rewarded. Secret are the ways of the Faculty, and once Bobby was reprimanded for conduct.

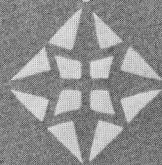
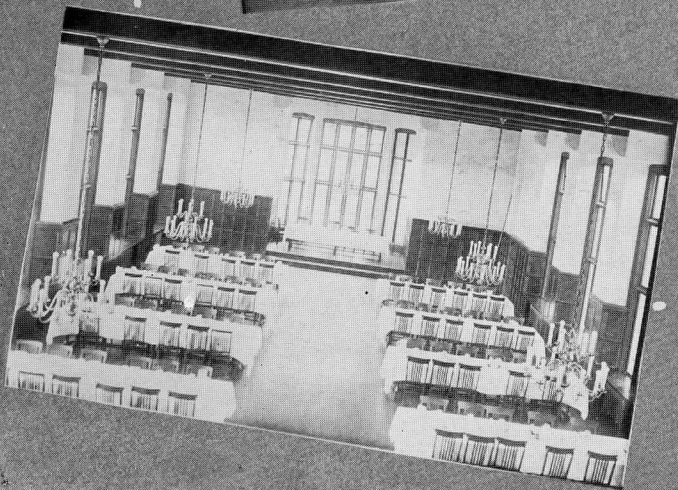
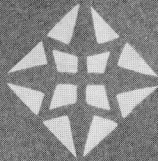
¶ As dry shredded wheat in the mouth of a hungry man, so is cold water to her who craveth a hot bath.

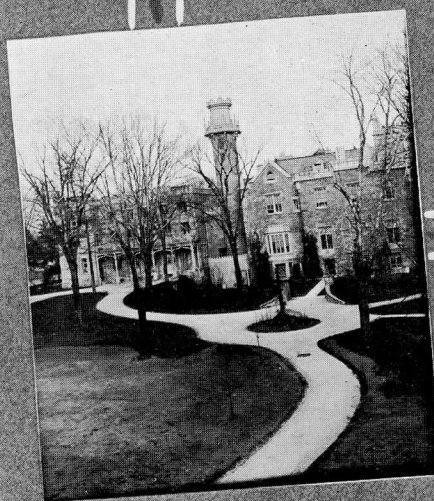
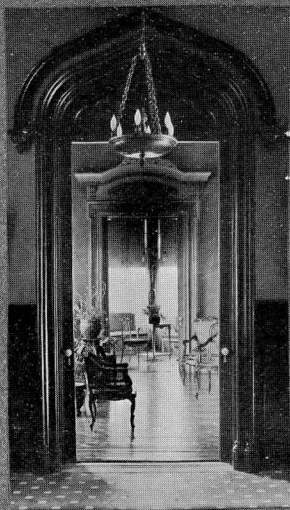
¶ Consider the little mouse, how it runs, hither and yon under pin-cushions and into bureau drawers in search of a hiding, so shalt thou, too, be, when the Quarterly Business Manager descendeth upon thee, if thou spendest thy substance for sundaes.

¶ She who hath four tens in History and worries about the examination is as a large girl on a high chiffonier screaming at a mouse in the next room.

¶ Physical strength is needed to play basket-ball, and mental strength to stand a course in Pedagogics; but the greatest moral courage belongs to her who seeketh converse with the Mistress of Studies while her collar-bone showeth.







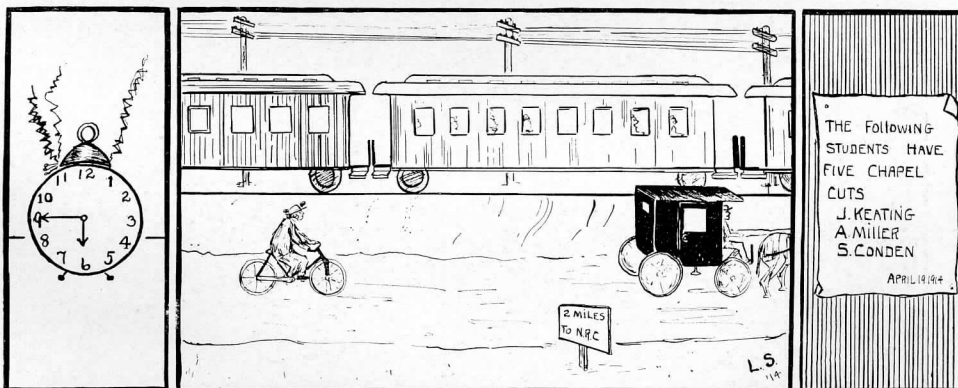
DAY SCHOLARS

Said the Boarder:

"The day-scholar travels long and far,
But they are lenient when she's late;
She daily rides in a trolley car
And laughs at Fate!

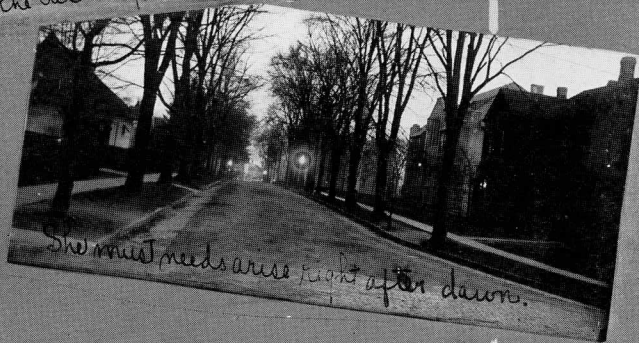
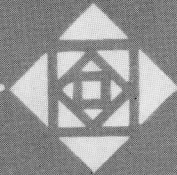
"Arrived—she spends six pleasant hours
Then makes a train—4.33
(Just once a week this joy is ours)
And then she's free!

"Yet, though at ten I quench my light,
Must go to rec. whate'er my mood,
Think you I'd change? You've guessed quite right:
I surely would!"

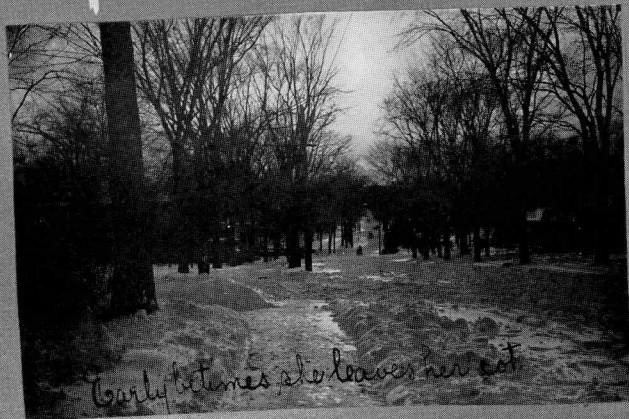




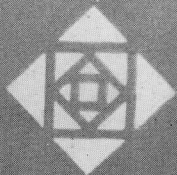
The day scholar to the castle goes.



She must needs arise right after dawn.



Early betimes she leaves her cot



Who cares for the day scholar?





FEIG.—Good looking girl of German extraction would like position as matron of an orphan asylum. Good discipline guaranteed; very active; fond of long conferences. Can do with little or no sleep.



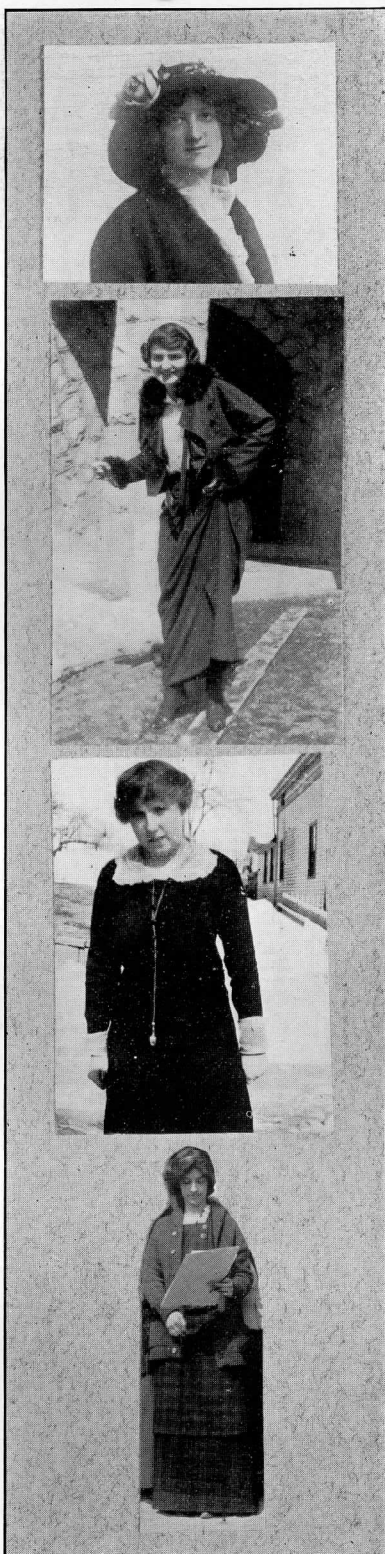
O'BRIEN.—Young lady will pose for hair tonic advertisement. Dark hair seventy-two inches long. Long hours no impediment, but salary must be large and paid regularly.



DONLIN.—Sweet young thing to settle questions of morality, or taste in dress; speaks three languages rapidly; Italian a specialty. Must go home for week-ends. Best references.



KELLY.—Pretty blonde will play Juliet to the right Romeo. Great opportunity for a nice man in Oklahoma. Also practical advice on domestic problems.



LEE.—Clever promoter for advertising schemes. Original ideas and great skill. Also expert dietitian and medical adviser.

L. SEYMOUR.—Lightning change artist; imitations of Tosca, a rebel, an outlaw, a chief, Vernon Castle, J. Montgomery Flagg and Tallyrand.

MAHONEY.—Strong young girl to play the piano in a moving picture theatre. Good ear for a high and original tenor. Also play third in the sketch "Three Twins."

COLLINS.—Good experienced referee; technical points a specialty; strict attention paid to fouls on lines. Can play the violin.



WILZ.—Social secretary for young woman about to enter society. Special instruction in table manners, repartee, perfect grooming and practical experience.



GORDON.—Apple picker with good reach. Also expert accountant of great sweetness of temper. Latin translated while you wait.



O'REILLY. — Only human vitaliser ! May be used to start engines or run sewing machines. 500 sparks a minute—always running at top speed. Requires only four half hour naps per day to keep in perfect condition. Charges reasonable.



R. SEYMOUR. — Light housekeeping. Good wife for a poor man. Plain and fancy cooking. Neat accounts and love of order. Affectionate disposition.



CURRAN.—Witty Irish girl as social entertainer. Exquisite embroidery done with great rapidity and skill. Holds gold medal for dancing at the College of New Rochelle.



QUINLAN.—Male impersonator; especially clever as little boy or foreign courtier. Also demonstrator for a good skin food. Willing to act as collector of bad debts. Noted for this during college days. References, Senior Class.



WARNER.—Healthy young woman to sing in the front row of the chorus of a good musical comedy. Good dancer with fine sense of rhythm. Very respectable. Will pay strict attention to business.



McMAHON.—Newsong entitled "Their Name is Legion, But I Can Manage More," by the gifted composer of "I Always Get a New One Every Month."

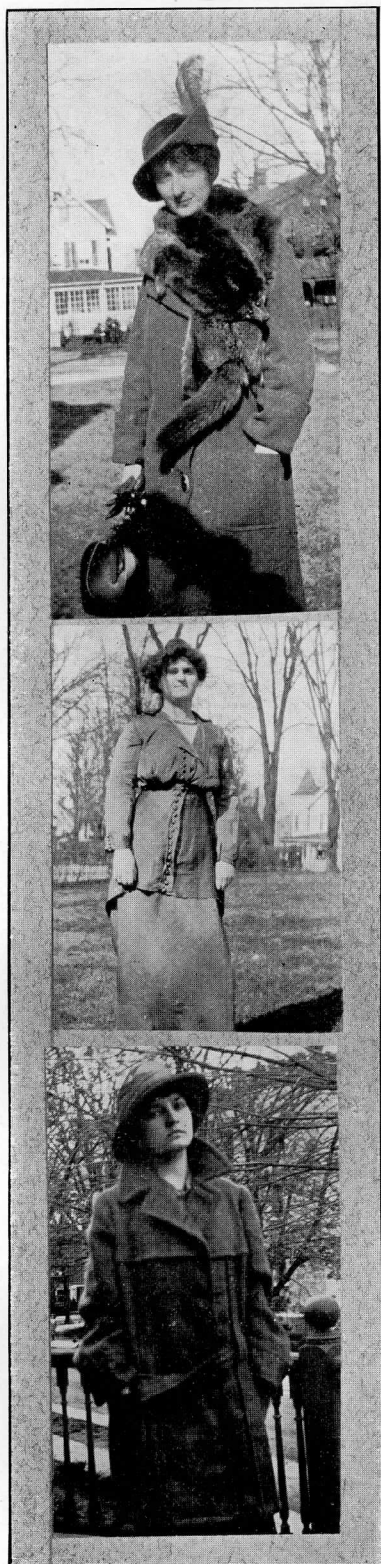


CONDON.—Household lubricator and general dietitian; noted for her pleasant smile. For reference, see A. Miller, Locker 30.

FINIGAN.—Fancy cooking and general house manager. Famous for salad dressing and gymnastic feats. No mice!

MILLER.—Bright girl of respectable German parents desires work teaching defective children. Patience inexhaustible. Valuable experience with photographers and subjects for photography.

DEMAREST.—Robust American girl as trained nurse for nervous wrecks; also dramatic coach, leading lady or man, philosopher, friend and counsellor; has served two terms on the advisory board. Especially fond of little girls.



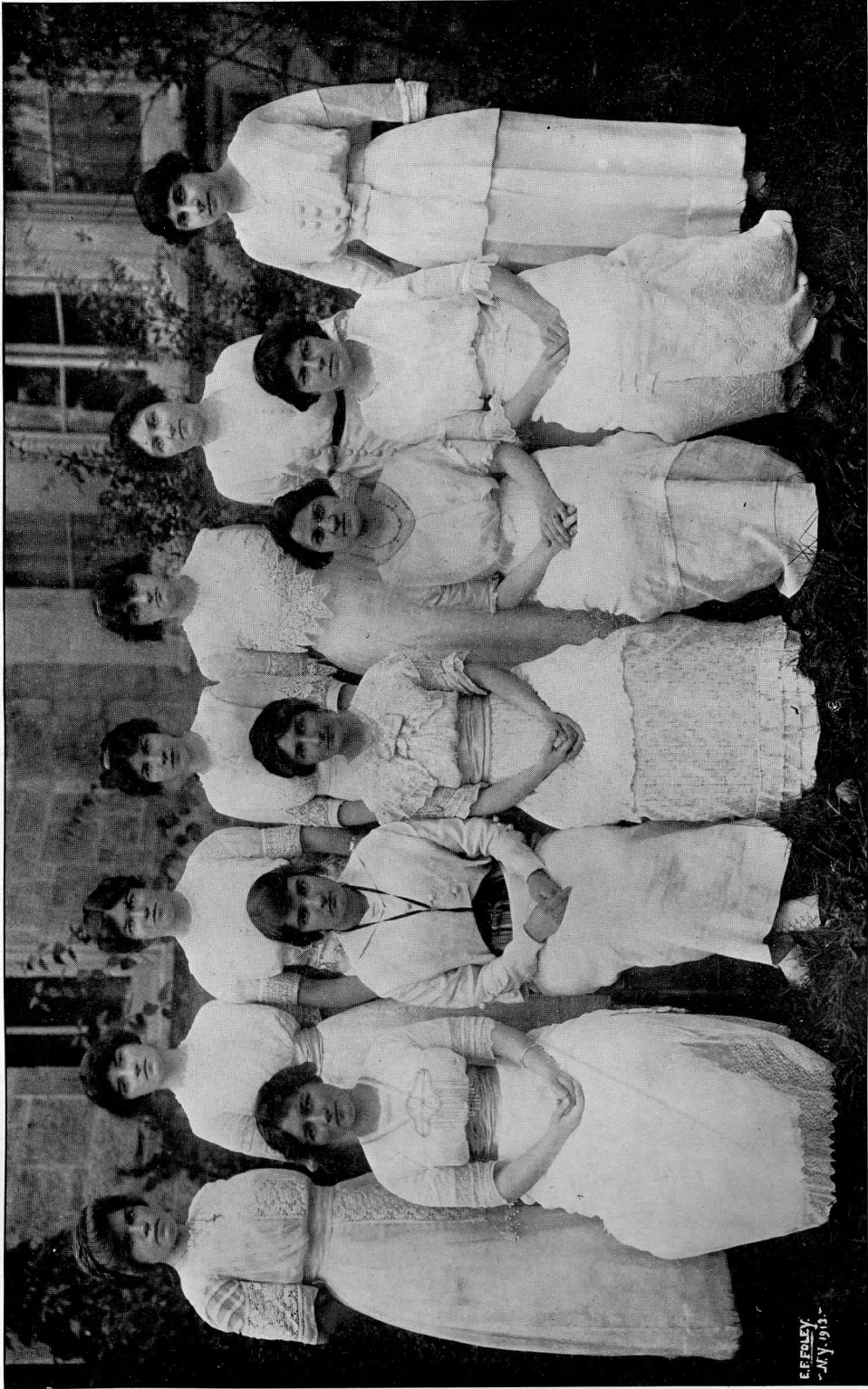
MURPHY.—Excellent in managing mail (either spelling) department, domestic and foreign. Capable of singing a song, reading a novel, writing an editorial, and doling out sympathy, all at once. Adverse to references concerning better families.

LONERGAN.—Housekeeper for large estate where economy and mathematics are essential. Any pecuniary difficulty solved in one equation. Best references.

McNAMARA.—The world's greatest living strong woman. Lifts 200 lbs. with ease and can hurl them any distance. The art of self defence taught in six lessons. Call or write for particulars.







E. FEULEY
-MAY 1913-

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The Saint Angela Quarterly



LETITIA MURPHY,
Editor in Chief.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

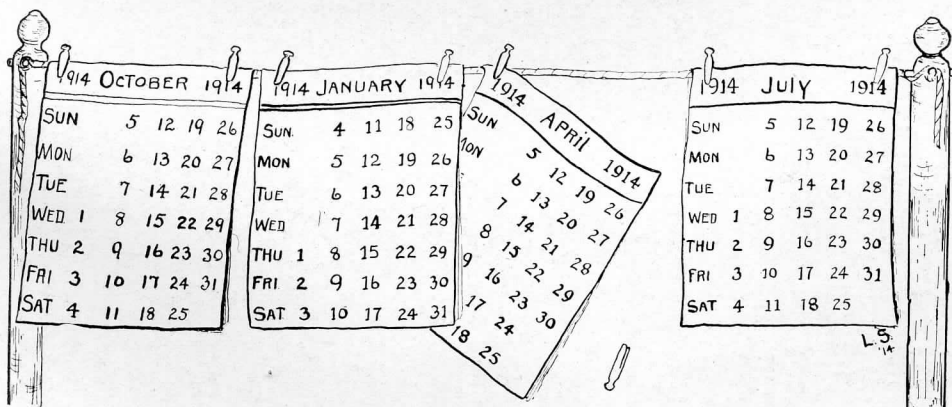
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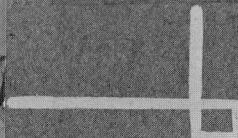
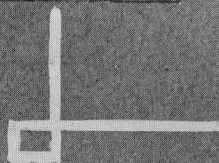
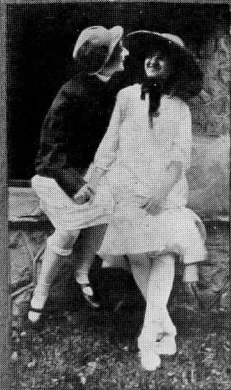
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RUTH SULLIVAN, '15
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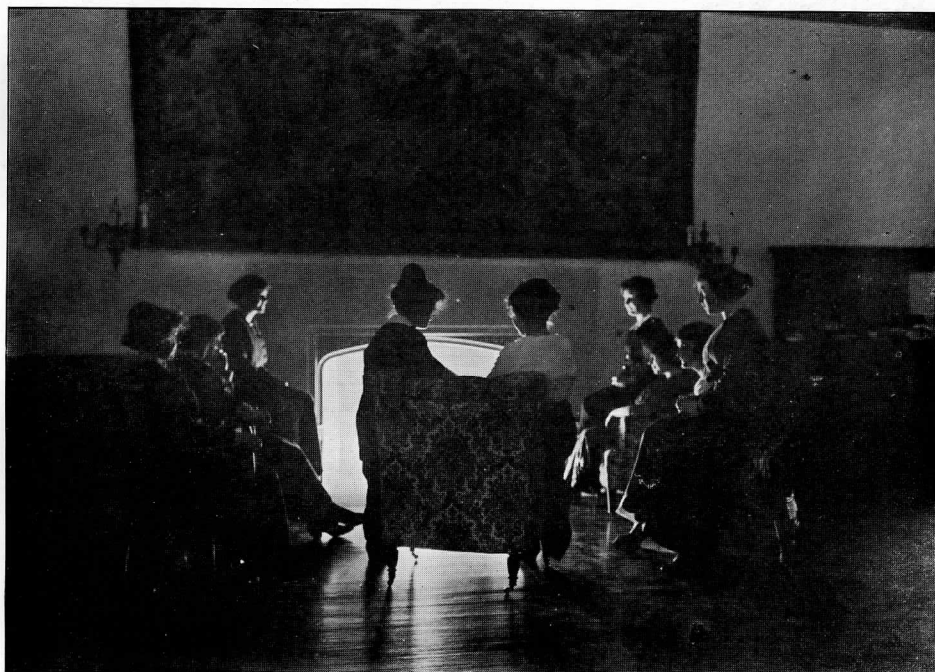


MAY DAY



ALMA E. MILLER

ANNALES





ERLEY
NY.

Annales

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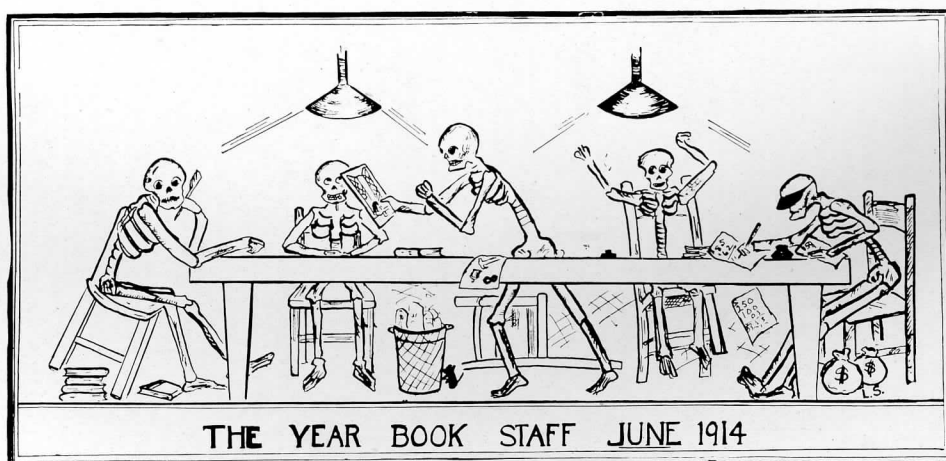
Elizabeth Kelly

Why Year Book Editors Grow Haggard

Oct. 1. "How's the Year Book coming on?"
 "Have you decided what kind of a cover you'll have?"
 "Oh, my dear! I just *love* this style of drawing. Will you have anything like that?"
 "There's a letter downstairs from Foley."
 "Reverend Mother wants to see you."
 "Leave the chairs just as you found them."
 "My dear, we can't have the tea."
 "Will you put our picture in the Year Book?"
 "Oh! I think 1912's book was much the cleverest!"
 "There's a printer in the Quarterly room to see the Editor."
 "Oh! *that's* not the picture I wanted for the Year Book."
 "Year Book meetings must be great, laughing over the funny things, and all that."
 "Now if I were editor * * * *."
 Printer: All copy and cuts to be in by April 15.
 Photo-engraver: Can't possibly have cuts finished before April 30.
 Editor: "Have you the class history for me?" April 5.
 Freshman }
 Sophomore } "We're working on it."
 Junior }
 "How much would little red lanterns cost to reproduce?"
 "When are we going to have the pictures taken over again?"
 "How are the 'write-ups' going to be done this year?"

Editor's Expenses

- 1 Box Swan's Down for interviews with printers and engravers.
- 3 sundaes every Thursday to attract delinquent lit'ry editors.
- Lunch and matinee during trips to printer.
- 3 Bottles Fellow's Hyperphosphate.
- Stub pens.
- Dye to darken gray hairs.
- One dollar fine for over cuts attained while explaining reproduction process to art editor.
- New frocks to sit in complimentary Year Book box at benefit performances.





YEAR BOOK TO PRESS



Alumnæ

OFFICERS

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DANCE

February 20, 1914

At Delmonico's, New York

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MEMORABILIA

Blitri

With thirty-seven intellects
We started forth in '10,
A love of wisdom sent us
But we won't do it again.

Soon round a bush we awly sat
As one, we massed, cohered;
"Clearness and force and elegance"
We cried; the course we cleared.

We trioletted, villanelled
For six months; then we quaffed
Swift walpoluli montagues,
And then a pepysan draught.

* When two years out we struck a snag
In coppenated guise;
Thrice weekly met we, halpinig,
To metaphysisize.

Of junioristic joys we had
Full spunctionously our share,
With cosine john we frolicked free
As long as we could bear.

Electrodynamometers
Taxed our porosity,
Adiabatic processes
Met resistivity.

We stood for thermochemicals,
We learned, in time, osmosis;
But $X\Delta u = \sin O\Sigma$
Gave us hysteresis.*

At Wheatstone's Bridge we took a stand
And cried, "What *is* a Hooke?"
We took J. Carhart from the shelf
And sold our physics book.

A randal hither bent its way;
Thenceforth we paragraphed,
We built them up, we pulled them down,
In short—we fled.

We essayed in a lit'ry fashion
The thoughts of other critics;
But a leather bag bore down upon us
Before it became chronic.

A leather bag, an Oxford stamp
Alexised all our hearts;
Polished dupontus periods
Proclaimed a man of parts.

And then a method was employed
To get us through the Board,
We condoned, fearfully dismayed,
And listened while he soared.

But soon enough all Blitri ceased;
And '14's gone for good,
For '14's done a strange, strange thing,
It's donned a bachelor-hood.

*Pronounced hysteresis.

Modern Proverbs

"Even the worm will cringe."
"A thorn in the eye."
"Go from sense to soul!"
"I do it in my poor crude way for the ladies of the College of New Rochelle."
"I'll be traded for the cook."
"If we could save only one poem of Swinburne's ————."
"Do you believe it's my *life*?"
"I don't mind the writing. It's content I'm after."
"When is he coming to 'Methods'?"
"Isn't he dreadful?"
"The story of writing from the first stroke to the volume."
"I salute the highest class in the house."
"Now you're off on the German philosophy."
"I haven't done it myself yet, but this is what I make it."
"I may need you again, Willie."
"Mother's grave."
"The Two Orphans."
"Four out of ten ——— go out for your 100%, girls."
"This is my own explanation; I never saw it in any book."
"He's calling me names."
"And add"—!
"You can do that on one line."
"I'll give you one other."
Bang-Whang-Whang! goes the drum and tootle de tootle, the fife.

Senior Sororities

Honorary Philosophic Society:

Louise Seymour,
Alice Mahoney,
Elizabeth Kelly,
Katherine Finigan,
Elizabeth Lee.

Little Group of Advanced Thinkers:

Stella R. Wilz.

Society for the Emendation of English Grammar:

Lorette Donlin,
Mary Curran.

"Forty Singing Seniors":

Agnes Gordon,
Lorette Donlin,
Margaret Warner,
Ruth B. Seymour.

Society for Mathematical Research:

Alma Miller,
Letitia Murphy.

Sporadics

How far that little candle throws its beam;
I tried to drape the transom with my gown*,
But, hanging it on nothing, it fell down.
("Two tacks, two dollars," haunts my every dream.)

I have five hand-drawn cylinders to make,
A pitcher with the handle to the right,
A button bag, a darn, a little white
Hemmed patch.—That watchman's still awake,

And has his eye upon this little light
That shines forth like a thousand million suns,
Just as it sounds like half a hundred guns
To creak a door at one o'clock—at night.

*Or any other article of wearing apparel that scans.



THEN



ENVIRONMENT!!



AND NOW.



CAP'N.



YEARS AND



YEARS AGO.



COMING & GOING



ON TO THE FRAY.



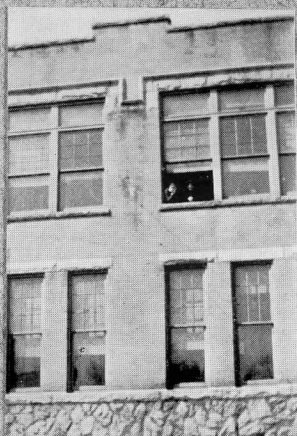
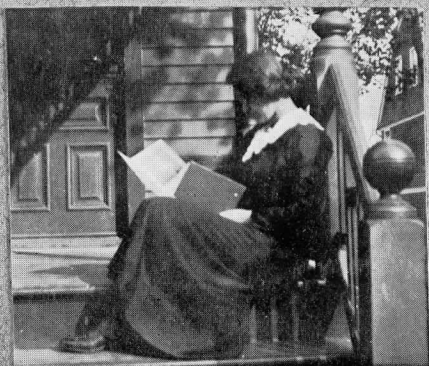
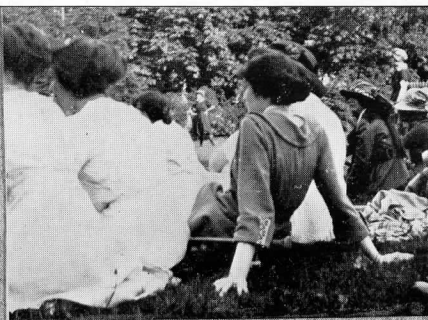
VARIETY WAS THE
SPICE OF "9"

A circular calendar for "COLLEGE WORLD". The center contains the text "COLLEGE" and "WORLD". The outer ring is divided into twelve segments for the months: SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER, NOVEMBER, DECEMBER, JANUARY, FEBRUARY, MARCH, APRIL, MAY, JUNE, JULY, and AUGUST. Each month segment contains the days of the month. The hands of the calendar point to June 15. There are several handwritten annotations: a large question mark "?" in the June segment, "WHO???" near November, "MEN!!!" near December, "JOY" with a starburst near January, "P.S. Gals - OH!!" near February, and "2 CENTS" near March. There are also some small drawings and marks, including a "TWO DOLLAR" stamp near November and a "1915" mark near May.

College Calendar

- Sept. 28—May we count the final adieux at home, and the looking for long-laid-aside trunk keys?
- Sept. 29—Lost trunks and new views of Life, College and Freshmen.
- Sept. 30—First Alumnae Visits. A 1913-er tenderly brought from Mamaroneck by a 1915-er.
- Oct. 6—The Rules published. Wholesale buying of bed-room slippers.
- Oct. 10—"You see these little beyugs? And some day we'll make aprons—maybe."
- Oct. 13—"God gave me beautiful shoulders."
- Oct. 15—Night of the "big wind." Who? What? Where?
- Oct. 16—Elective English Class and the "Elected" visit N. Y. at night—and Forbes-Robertson added more admirers to his following.
- Oct. 17—Seniors' first Method attempt—oof!!!
- Oct. 22—Freshmen wondered at the popularity of some Alumnae. This one arrived at lunch time.
- Oct. 27—First signs of the new lawn.
- Nov. 3—Juniors have Election Parade for "Jimmy" March.
- Nov. 4—Election Day. Seniors visit the village by night to hear the "returns."
- Nov. 11—First of Oratorical Contests. Senior, L. Seymour, victor.
- Nov. 13—Mid-night Meeting of three A. B. members.
- Nov. 14—"Who wrote on the Bulletin Board?"
- Nov. 16—Lost: The invitations for the Tea. Phoning to Tiffany's proves expensive.
- Nov. 18—At last!! Invitations arrive. Overflowing of mail boxes. Ann returned to pack her trunk. Farewell cheer for her by Sophs in hushed tones.
- Nov. 19—Sophs went to N. R. station to bid farewell to "Ann" and "Bess."
- Nov. 23—The Tea!! Great success! Discovered: The only furnishings needed for the Residence Hall!
- Nov. 25—Junior Play for New Building Fund. Announcement of the engagement of Freshmen to Juniors.
- Nov. 26—Beginning of Thanksgiving Vacation, at noon.
- Nov. 30—Return from the vacation. Pervading color-scheme: blue!
- Dec. 3—Wedding of Juniors and Freshmen.
- Dec. 5—Sophomores entertain Freshmen.
- Dec. 8—Sodality Day. Mass at 8:30 A. M. Sodality Ball in the evening.
- Dec. 10—Debate by "Current Events Club."
- Dec. 12-13—Sodality Bazaar.
- Dec. 15—"If the girl confesses before to-morrow night—"
- Dec. 16—Scene: A turbulent gymnasium. "The Vacation *will* begin Friday." Also—No N. Y. U. Glee Club Concert—dismay and many telephone bills.
- Dec. 18—Christmas Dinner—"Who suggested Hook?"
- Dec. 19—Beginning of Christmas Vacation.
- Jan. 5—Vacation ended. Our little sister class once more has its president. Informal lecture on Tennyson by Wilfred Ward.

Jan. 12—Reverend Mother meets the Resident Students. One of the engaged Seniors became reckless with hand-painted jardinières!
 Jan. 20—Junior Oratorical Contest. Anna McMahon, victor.
 Jan. 26—"Exams" begin.
 Feb. 2—Beginning of new term.
 Feb. 7—Basket-ball. Fordham Lyceum vs. N. R. N. R. victor.
 Feb. 24—Colonial Ball.
 Feb. 28—Mid-Year Play. Schiller's "Mary Stuart" at Hotel Plaza, N. Y.
 March 1—Blizzard! Two extra points for those who braved the storm.
 March 3—Lecture on "Socialism," by Mr. Pallen. Seniors realized the value of learning.
 March 12—Freshmen Play for "Annales"—"I'm on My Way" deserved particular attention.
 March 16—"2nd Year of Mt. Bijou" for "Annales." Reading on "Robert Bridges" by Mrs. Davis.
 March 17—Sophomore Class Day. Sophomore Oratorical Contest. I. Komora, victor.
 March 21—Mid-Year Meet. Score: Sophs, 22; Fresh., 10.
 March 23—Reading on "Francis Thompson" by Miss Warren.
 March 24—Freshmen deprived of dessert forevermore!
 March 25—"Forevermore" means 24 hours.
 March 30—Reading on "Alfred Noyes" by Mrs. Davis.
 April 1—Repetition of Freshman Year. Burying of "Freshie Knocker."
 April 7—Beginning of Retreat. Memories of Freshman Year renewed.
 April 8—"All alone."
 April 9—New Dining-room curtains. Curtain-hangers affrighted at "Silent Women!"
 April 11—End of Retreat. Gossiping over "List of the Missing." Beginning of Easter Vacation.
 April 19—End of Easter vacation. "Just see how the grass has 'greened!'"
 April 28—Inspection of Juniors' New Gowns.
 April 29—Beginning of Junior Week. "Prom" at Pepperday Inn. "Would I were a Junior!"
 April 30—P. M. Junior Play, "The Affected Misses." Foreshadowed by a display of gowns on living models, in the Living-room. "Fifty dollars? Oh, my dear! This is a very cheap display!"
 May 1—Junior Class Day—and the rest of us go to First Friday Devotions.
 May 5—Lecture on "The Catholic Theatre Movement," by Mr. Alfred Young.
 May 6—Junior-Sophomore Debate. Sophs victors.
 May 11—Senior Philosophical theses due. "Oh, my head!"
 May 12—Sophomores dine the Seniors.
 May 15—Senior Sociology Reports due. Awed looks by under-classmen towards pale, tired Seniors!
 May 18—Beginning of Senior Exams. "Your honor or your B. A.?" "Oh, my B. A.! Leave that light on!"
 May 25—Gowns, "observations" and shuddering at "City's."
 May 30—Baccalaureate Sunday—Sodality Entertainment.
 June 1—Sodality Day. "To kiss the cross."
 June 2—Senior Class Day. Final Oratorical Contest.
 June 3—Conferring of Degrees. Alumnae Dinner.
 June 4—A. M. Senior Breakfast. P. M. Senior Reception, followed by Advisory Board Dinner.
 June 5—Banner Day. Campus Luncheon. Campus Play at night.
 June 6—Field Day. Seniors begin to pack.
 June 7—Preparations for "City's" by "Special Methodists."
 June 8-9—"City Exams."
 And after all, *who knows??*



GUESS WHO?

Students' Register

Adams, Dorothy	Denver, Colo.
Ball, Catherine	New York, N. Y.
Barber, Eirene	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Barrett, Mary	Windsor Locks, Conn.
Baxter, Marion	Pelham, N. Y.
Beach, Laura	Norwalk, Conn.
Brady, Adèle	Fordham, N. Y.
Breen, Florence	College Point, L. I.
Burnes, Marie	Portchester, N. Y.
Burns, Julia	Portchester, N. Y.
Cendoya, Maria	Santiago, Cuba
Channel, Lillian	Haverhill, Mass.
Clary, Mary	Seneca Falls, N. Y.
Collins, Marguerite	New York, N. Y.
Collins, Natalie	New York, N. Y.
Condon, Serena J.	New Rochelle, N. Y.
Condon, Margaret	North Adams, Mass.
Coyne, Gertrude	New York, N. Y.
Coyne, Loretta	Utica, N. Y.
Creed, Anne	New York, N. Y.
Cuddihy, Helen	New York, N. Y.
Cuddihy, Elsie	New York, N. Y.
Curley, Marion	Scranton, Pa.
Curran, Mary T.	New York, N. Y.
Daly, Grace	Greenwich, Conn.
Demarest, Winifred	New York, N. Y.
Dixon, Marjorie	New York, N. Y.
Doherty, Dolores	Scranton, Pa.
Donlin, Lorette M.	New York, N. Y.
Donlin, Rosalie	New York, N. Y.
Dougherty, Catherine	Newburgh, N. Y.
Dougherty, Gertrude	New York, N. Y.
Drennan, Agnes	Middletown, Conn.
Driscoll, Mae	Hartford, Conn.
Duffy, Mary	Keene, N. H.
Farmer, Elizabeth	New York, N. Y.
Feig, Rose J.	Flushing, N. Y.
Finigan, Katherine	Norwich, N. Y.
Fisher, Alice	Tuckahoe, N. Y.
Fleming, Marie	Charlotte, N. Y.
Fleming, Frances	Charlotte, N. Y.
Flynn, Marguerite	Union, S. C.
Franklin, Isabel	Dallas, Texas

Gest, Annette	New York, N. Y.
Godfrey, Marion	Rowayton, Conn.
Gordon, Agnes	Portchester, N. Y.
Gray, Mary	Norwalk, Conn.
Hafey, Rosa	Chicopee, Mass.
Hamilton, Alida	New York, N. Y.
Hamilton, Ann	New York, N. Y.
Hanson, Elizabeth	Scarsdale, N. Y.
Hendricks, Irene	New York, N. Y.
Hurst, Eleanor	New York, N. Y.
Hurley, Mildred	Baldwin, L. I.
Hume, Dorothy	Hackensack, N. J.
Hylan, Virginia	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Hynes, Ann	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Jones, Mary	Lithonia, Ga.
Judge, Gladys	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Keating, Josephine	New York, N. Y.
Kelly, Elizabeth	Wilmington, Del.
Kelly, Cornelia	Scranton, Pa.
Kent, Elizabeth	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Kieran, Ella	Flatbush, N. Y.
Kieran, Marie	Flatbush, N. Y.
Kilcullen, Florence	Scranton, Pa.
King, Ellen	Yonkers, N. Y.
King, Elizabeth	Astoria, L. I.
Kingsley, Helen	Hartford, Conn.
Komora, Irene	New York, N. Y.
Lally, Mary	North Adams, Mass.
Lamb, Loretta	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Lee, Elizabeth	New York, N. Y.
Leitner, Cecilia	Piermont, N. Y.
Looney, Alice	New York, N. Y.
Lonergan, Margaret	Irving-on-Hudson, N. Y.
Lonegan, Ella	New York, N. Y.
Loughlin, Ann	Greenwich, Conn.
Lynch, Janet	Niagara Falls, N. Y.
Lynch, Dorothy	New Rochelle, N. Y.
Lyman, Ruth	Thousand Islands, N. Y.
McAdams, Helen	Penn Yan, N. Y.
McCann, Agnes	Bronxville, N. Y.
McLoughlin, Anita	Mamaroneck, N. Y.
McMahon, Evelyn	Jersey City, N. J.
McMahon, Anna	South Norwalk, Conn.
McManus, Marie	Flatbush, N. Y.
McNamara, Margaret T.	Beacon City, N. Y.
McNamara, Katherine	Haverhill, Mass.
McNamara, Loretta	Brooklyn, N. Y.

May, Virginia	Toledo, O.
Mahoney, Alice	Westerly, R. I.
Manning, Marion	New Rochelle, N. Y.
March, Olive	New York, N. Y.
Mason, Madeleine	New Haven, Conn.
Miller, Alma E.	New Rochelle, N. Y.
Mitchell, Claire	New York, N. Y.
Mooney, Hester	New York, N. Y.
Moriarity, Nellie	Valatie, N. Y.
Mullen, Catherine	Greenwich, N. Y.
Mulligan, Charlotte	New York, N. Y.
Murphy, Letitia	Astoria, L. I.
Nunn, Grace	New York, N. Y.
O'Brien, Julia	Seneca Falls, N. Y.
O'Brien, Helen	Scranton, Pa.
O'Brien, Alice	Portchester, N. Y.
O'Brien, Anna	Portchester, N. Y.
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Petty, Frances	New York, N. Y.
Power, Mary	Yonkers, N. Y.
Quinlan, Rita	Boston, Mass.
Ransom, Margaret	Elmira, N. Y.
Ratchford, Helen	Norwalk, N. Y.
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Roche, Vera	New York, N. Y.
Rooney, Marie	New Rochelle, N. Y.
Ryan, May	New York, N. Y.
Ryan, Monica	South Norwalk, Conn.
Ryan, Edwina	Astoria, L. I.
Scully, Natalie	South Norwalk, Conn.
Seymour, Ruth B.	New York, N. Y.
Seymour, Louise	New York, N. Y.
Shea, Alice	Knoxville, Tenn.
Sheehan, Clare	New Haven, Conn.
Smith, Julia	Hartford, Conn.
Smith, Anne	Hartford, Conn.
Stafford, Rose	Astoria, L. I.
Sullivan, Gertrude	New York, N. Y.
Sullivan, Ruth	Lancaster, Pa.
Swift, Edith	Brooklyn, N. Y.

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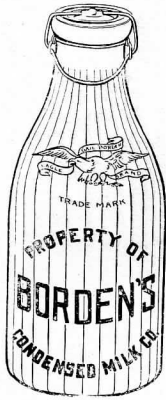
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